

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 770.—26 February, 1859.—Third Series, No. 48.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Plate—PORTRAIT OF MR. PRESCOTT.	
1. Death and Character of William H. Prescott, <i>Boston Traveller</i> ; MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,— <i>Mr. Winthrop</i> ; <i>Mr. Geo. Ticknor</i> ; <i>President Walker</i> ; <i>Dr. Frothingham</i> ;—NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,— <i>Mr. Bancroft</i> ; <i>Boston Transcript</i> ; <i>Boston Courier</i> ,	515
2. Life and Poems of George Crabbe,	<i>National Review</i> , 529
3. The Temple Lane Tragedy,	<i>National Magazine</i> , 547
4. Consul Harris in Japan,	<i>Union</i> , 567
5. France, Austria, and Italy,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 575

POETRY.—The Schoolroom at Christmas Time, 528. The Knight's Leap at Altenahr, 528.

SHORT ARTICLES.—A Lorette's Funeral at Cincinnati, 527. Verse in the Pulpit, 527. French Bishop Tortured to Death, 546. Philosophy of Voice and Speech, 566. Burns' Prize Poem, 574. Jewish Bankers in Europe, 576.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL, SON & CO., Boston; and DELISSER & PROCTER, 508 Broadway, New-York.

For Six Dollars a year, remitted directly to either of the Publishers, the *Living Age* will be punctually forwarded free of postage.

Complete sets of the First Series, in thirty-six volumes, and of the Second Series, in twenty volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at two dollars a volume.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

ANY NUMBER may be had for 12 cents; and it is well worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 770.—26 February, 1859.—Third Series, No. 48.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Plate—PORTRAIT OF MR. PRESCOTT.	
1. Death and Character of William H. Prescott, <i>Boston Traveller</i> ; MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,— <i>Mr. Winthrop</i> ; <i>Mr. Geo. Ticknor</i> ; <i>President Walker</i> ; <i>Dr. Frothingham</i> ;—NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,— <i>Mr. Bancroft</i> ; <i>Boston Transcript</i> ; <i>Boston Courier</i> ,	515
2. Life and Poems of George Crabbe,	<i>National Review</i> , 529
3. The Temple Lane Tragedy,	<i>National Magazine</i> , 547
4. Consul Harris in Japan,	<i>Union</i> , 567
5. France, Austria, and Italy,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 575

POETRY.—The Schoolroom at Christmas Time, 528. The Knight's Leap at Altenahr, 528.

SHORT ARTICLES.—A Lorette's Funeral at Cincinnati, 527. Verse in the Pulpit, 527. French Bishop Tortured to Death, 546. Philosophy of Voice and Speech, 566. Burns' Prize Poem, 574. Jewish Bankers in Europe, 576.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL, SON & CO., Boston; and DELISSER & PROCTER, 508 Broadway, New-York.

For Six Dollars a year, remitted directly to either of the Publishers, the *Living Age* will be punctually forwarded free of postage.

Complete sets of the First Series, in thirty-six volumes, and of the Second Series, in twenty volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at two dollars a volume.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

ANY NUMBER may be had for 12 cents; and it is well worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

DEATH OF WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

[The "Living Age" is proud to acknowledge its debt of gratitude to this most eminent man. He recommended it to the public before it was published, offered the use of his library, and showed us personal kindness in various ways. To a solitary stranger, beginning an arduous enterprise, in a new city, when past middle age, such notice was of great importance; and it made upon us so deep an impression that a cloud of sadness as from a personal calamity, rests upon us since his death. We had a note from him written the day before.]

We proceed to record the unanimous testimony of all who knew him to his possession in the highest degree of the qualities which mark the complete gentleman. All the literary world will regret the loss of the remainder of his history of Philip II. He will be mourned by Humboldt. He died on the 28th of January.]

From The Boston Traveller, 29 Jan.

THE death of Mr. Prescott took our community by surprise, though it was known that he had once suffered from a stroke of paralysis about a year ago. He was born in 1796, and would have been sixty-three years old had he lived until the 4th of next May, that age which is commonly called the "grand climacteric" and at which deaths are very common among men. He was a native of Salem, and belonged to one of the historical families of the country, a family which, after maintaining a good rank in England, has for two centuries held the first place in public life and the social life of the United States. As jurists, soldiers, statesmen, scholars, and good citizens, the Prescotts have for half a dozen generations been among the most eminent of Americans. William Prescott, commonly called Prescott of Pepperell, who was the real commander of the American forces at Bunker Hill, so far as they had any commander, was the paternal grandfather of the historian; and the latter's father, of the same name, was an eminent lawyer. William Hickling Prescott was graduated at Harvard College in 1814, at the age of eighteen. From his earliest youth he manifested that taste for an excellence in those literary pursuits in which he was to win immortality for himself, and to elevate the character of his country. After making an extended European tour, he devoted himself to those pursuits, writing for the *North American Review* on a large range of subjects. Like many other distinguished Americans, he was partial to Spanish history, and for many years was closely engaged on a History of Ferdinand and Isabella, in three volumes, which was published at the close

of the year 1837. This work was most favorably received throughout America and Europe, and was translated into various languages. No historical work was ever more popular, if we except Lord Macaulay's work, which did not appear until long after its author's fame had been established, whereas Mr. Prescott's name was new to the world. At the close of 1843 he gave to the world, also in three volumes, a History of the Conquest of Mexico, etc., which was not less popular than its predecessor. A volume of Critical and Miscellaneous Essays was published in 1845, and two years later, in the summer of 1847, the history of the Conquest of Peru was completed, and published, the best of all his works, in our estimation. For the greater part of the last twelve years he has been engaged on a History of the Life and Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain, a work which was destined virtually to be the history of the civilized world for nearly half a century, (1555-1598,) Philip being to the last half of the sixteenth century what Napoleon was to the first fifteen years of our century. Two volumes of this work appeared in December 1855, and the third was issued but a few weeks since. Had the author lived to complete the work, it would have extended to five volumes at least, and would have been as important a contribution to historical literature as any of the works of Grote, Macaulay, and Merivale. In his subject, perhaps our countryman was more fortunate than any of the great historians we have named, the reign of Philip II being the noblest theme that is furnished by human annals; and the fact that he had selected it for the closing work of his literary life showed at once the breadth and scope of his historical knowledge, and that just confidence in his own powers which is the noblest attribute of genius. But this great work, destined to crown his fame, must now remain a fragment, like the chief historical works of Mackintosh, Niebuhr, and Arnold. The lively regret that must always be caused by the death of a great and good man is in this instance increased in intensity by the knowledge that the last of his works remains incomplete, and that the history of the most important period of modern times must be written by some other hand—a hand probably yet unformed. Thousands of persons who knew nothing of the author personally,—who are not aware that he was one of the most

amiable and accomplished of men, and thoroughly good in all the various relations of life,—will regret the untimely departure of the historian. It is the glory of the great writer that, if he do his duty ably and conscientiously, he binds to himself myriads of men whom he never can see, and whose very existence is only generally known to him. This was peculiarly the case with Mr. Prescott, who was one of the most honest of writers, and who was as free from prejudice as it ever was given to man to be. So far as we know, in this respect he stands at the head of the historical writers of our age, if not of all ages. From Thucydides, downward, almost every historian has been, not purely an historian, but an advocate also, having in his mind's eye some other object than that of narrating the events of which he professedly writes. We might illustrate this point by some striking examples, but we believe the reader will sufficiently understand us without our doing so. From this failing Mr. Prescott's writings are entirely exempt. He has always written with the judicial calmness of the bench when the bench is occupied by the best and ablest judges. While all his works reflect the humane spirit of our age, its hostility to cruelty and tyranny, and its spirit of philosophic historical criticism, they are in no sense partisan in their character. He has a strong and hearty sympathy with individuals, and it will be observed that all his works have more than the usual connection of historical writings with grand individual efforts. Ferdinand, Isabella, Columbus, Ximenes, Cortez, Alvarado, the Almagros, the four brothers Pizarro, Gasca, Charles V., Philip II., Alva, Egmont, William of Orange, and other characters scarcely less eminent, march across his pages drawn with boldness, and living again for the benefit of readers. His reflections are always just, frequently eloquent, and never misplaced; and it is not the least of his praises as an historian, and one subjected by the nature of his themes to great temptation, that he has never sought to palliate or excuse the immoralities or cruelties of his heroes. His warm admiration of the heroic element in man has, in the opinion of some critics, led him to give an undue prominence to certain brilliant episodes in history, such as the defence of Malta, and the last struggle of the Moors against the Spaniards; but general readers, who are the best judges in such cases, dissent entirely from such criticism.

Mr. Prescott edited a new edition of Robertson's History of Charles the Fifth, in 1856, and added to it a valuable supplement, embodying the numerous facts brought to light of late years concerning the last days of the Emperor-King by Belgian, English and French writers. This work connected the History of Ferdinand and Isabella with that of Philip the Second.

As evidence of the estimation in which Mr. Prescott was held abroad, it may be mentioned that he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid, made a Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford, and chosen a corresponding member of the French Institute. He was a member of other literary and scientific bodies, both in Europe and America. He wore his honors nobly. Of those frailties which so notoriously mar the literary character, and render literary men, but too often the most repulsive of human creatures, he was entirely free. Jealousy was to him unknown, and so was every thing like pretension. No man has ever so uniformly had kind, noble, and judicious praise for others. His temper was never ruffled. He has not left an enemy, while all who knew him will be proud of the fact that they were his friends, as they were if they deserved to be. We do not recollect ever to have heard him unkindly spoken of, nor are we aware that any of his writings were ever harshly criticised, which, however, must be attributed to the care with which they are written, as it was always his custom to go to original authorities. His ample fortune enabled him to command all the sources of knowledge, and he laid the archives of Europe under contribution for the illustration of European history. Throughout life, from the time that he was at college, he labored under an infirmity of the eyes, which compelled him to depend upon others for peculiar assistance, but as he always chose his *aides* well, this enhanced the correctness of his works, which are as reliable as brilliant.

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—A special meeting of this society was held at their rooms on 1 February, to testify their respect to his memory. We copy part of the proceedings.

REMARKS OF MR. WINTHROP.

Gentlemen of the Massachusetts Historical Society.—You are already but too well aware of the event which has called us together.

Our beautiful rooms are lighted this evening for the first time; but the shadow of an afflicting bereavement rests darkly and deeply upon our walls and upon our hearts. We are here to pay a farewell tribute to him whom we were ever most proud to welcome within our cherished circle of associates, but whose sunny smile is now left to us only as we see it yonder, in the cold though faithful outlines of art. We have come to deplore the loss of one, who was endeared to us all by so many of the best gifts and graces which adorn our nature, and whose gentle and genial spirit was the charm of every company in which he mingled. We have come especially to manifest our solemn sense, that one of the great Historical Lights of our country and of our age has been withdrawn from us forever, and to lay upon the closing grave of our departed brother some feeble but grateful acknowledgment of the honor he had reflected upon American Literature, and of the renown he had acquired for the name of an American Historian.

For indeed, gentlemen, we have come to this commemoration not altogether in tears. We are rather conscious at this moment of an emotion of triumph—breaking through the sorrow which we cannot so soon shake off—as we recall the discouragements and infirmities under which he had pressed forward so successfully to so lofty a mark, and as we remember, too, how modestly he wore the wreath which he had so gallantly won. And we thank God this night, that although he was taken away from us while many more years of happy and useful life might still have been hoped for him, and while unfinished works of the highest interest were still awaiting his daily and devoted labors, he was yet spared until he had completed so many imperishable monuments of his genius, and until he had done enough—enough—at once for his own fame, and for the glory of his country. *Satis, satis est, quod vixit, vel ad ætatem vel ad gloriam.*

Nor will we omit to acknowledge it as a merciful dispensation of Providence, that he was taken at last by no lingering disease, and after no protracted decline but in the very way which those who knew him best were not unaware that he himself both expected and desired. Inheriting a name which had been associated with the noblest patriotism in one generation, and with the highest judicial wisdom in another, and having imparted a fresh lustre to that name, and secured for it a title to an even wider and more enduring remembrance, he was permitted to approach the close of his sixty-third year in the enjoyment of as much happiness and respect and affection as could well accompany any human career,—

"Then, with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way."

It is not for me, gentlemen, to attempt any delineation of his character, or any description of his writings. There are those among us who have known him longer and better than myself, and who have established a better title to pass judgment upon his productions. Let me only say, in conclusion, that immediately on hearing of his sudden death, permission was asked for this Society to pay the last tribute to his remains; but it was decided to be more consonant with his own unostentatious disposition, that all ceremonious obsequies should be omitted. Having followed his hearse yesterday, therefore, only as friends, we have assembled now as a Society, of which for more than twenty years he was one of the most brilliant ornaments, to give formal expression to feelings which, in justice either to him, to ourselves, or to the community of which he was the pride, could not longer be restrained.

REMARKS OF MR. GEORGE TICKNOR.

Mr. President.—You have well told us why we are here at this unwonted hour. We feel the truth of every word you have uttered. The name that shone brighter than any other that was ever set on the rolls of our Society, in its distinctive attribute as a Society for the promotion of historical research, has been stricken from them so far as such a name can be, by the hand of death. We are come to mourn together for our loss. We do not come to praise the friend and associate whom it has pleased a wise and merciful God to take away from us. His praise is beyond our reach. It extends as far as letters are valued or known. We can neither add to it nor diminish it. We come to mourn together.

I have no words of formal eulogy to offer. In this moment of sorrow, I cannot say what I would. But this I am able to say—and it becomes the occasion that it should be said—that to those of us who knew him from the days of his bright boyhood, down to his latest years, when he stood before the world crowned with its honors, the elements that constituted the peculiar charm of his character seemed always to be the same; that his life—his whole life—was to an extraordinary degree a happy one, governed by a prevalent sense of duty to God and love to man; and that he has been taken from us with unimpaired faculties, and with a heart whose affections grew warmer and more tender to the last.

At the end of a life like this, although suddenly terminated, he naturally left few wishes

for posthumous fulfilment, and the few that he did leave were of the simplest and most unpretending sort. But one was most characteristic and touching; and as it has been accomplished, it may fitly be mentioned here. He desired that, after death, his remains might rest for a time in the cherished room where were gathered the intellectual treasures amidst which he had found so much of the happiness of his life. His wish was fulfilled. There he lay,—it was only yesterday, sir,—his manly form neither wasted nor shrunk by disease:—the features which had expressed and inspired so much love still hardly touched by the effacing fingers of death:—there he lay, and the lettered dead of all ages and climes and countries, seemed to look down upon him in their earthly and passionless immortality, and claim that his name should hereafter be imperishably united with theirs. And then, when this his wish had been fulfilled, and he was borne forth from those doors which he had never entered except to give happiness, but which he was never to enter again,—then he was brought into the temple of God, where he had been used to worship: and into a company of the living such as the obsequies of no man of letters has ever before assembled in this land; and there a passionate tribute of tears and mourning was paid in memory of benefits he had conferred on the world, and of his true and loving nature, which would have been dearer to his heart than all the intellectual triumphs of his life.

And now that all this is past; now that we have laid him beside the father whom he so truly revered,—whom we all so revered, sir,—and the mother whom he loved and who was loved of all, and especially of all in sorrow and suffering—now what remains for us to do? It is little, very little. We can express our respect, our admiration, and our love,—we can mourn with those who were nearest and dearest to him. These, indeed, constitute our incumbent duty, and therefore, sir, I propose to you now, even in this season of our bitter sorrow, to fulfil it, and, as becomes such a moment, to fulfil it in the fewest and the simplest words.

Prof. Ticknor then read the following

RESOLUTIONS:

Resolved, That, as members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, we look back with gratitude and pride upon the brilliant career of our late associate, William Hickling Prescott, who, not urged by his social position to a life of literary toil, and discouraged by an infirmity which seemed to forbid success, yet chose deliberately, in his youth, the difficult path of historical research, and, by the force of genius, of courage, and of a cheerful patience, achieved for himself, with the full assent of Christendom, an honored place in the company of the great

masters of history in all countries and in all ages.

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of one who has thus made our country and the world his debtors, we yet, in this moment of our sudden bereavement, grieve rather that we miss the associate and friend, whom we loved, as he was loved of all who knew him, for the beauty, the purity, and the transparent sincerity of his nature; for his open, and warm sympathies; and for the faithful affections, to which years and the changes of life only added freshness and strength.

Resolved, That we request the President of this Society to transmit these resolutions to the family of our lamented and honored associate, expressing to them the deep sympathy we feel in their affliction, and commending them to the merciful God in whom he trusted, and to the influences of that religion in which he was wont to find consolation under trial and suffering.

Jared Sparks, LL.D. seconded the resolutions, and paid an eloquent tribute to the character of the deceased.

He particularly dwelt upon his unceasing efforts in procuring from every source original documents as materials for his histories. The same trait had been exhibited by other writers, "but I can say," said Mr. Sparks, "with entire confidence, after my historical studies, such as they have been, that I know of no historian, in any age or language, whose researches into the materials with which he was to work have been so extensive, thorough, and profound."

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT WALKER.

Rev. James Walker, D.D., President of Harvard University, rose and said:—

Mr. President,—I am the only classmate of Mr. Prescott now present. My recollections of him go back to our college days,—when he stood among us, one of the youngest, one of the most joyous and light-hearted, in classic learning one of the most accomplished, without any enemies, with nothing but friends. I remember also the accident,—I think it happened in our junior year,—which withdrew him from us for some time and was followed by permanent injury to his sight. Never was there a more instructive lesson on the vanity of human judgments as to what is good or evil in passing events. We all lamented it as a great calamity; yet it helped at least to induce that earnestness and concentration of life and pursuit which has won for him a world-wide influence and fame.

Of his subsequent career there are many here who are better qualified to speak than I am. But I must be permitted to say one thing which was true of him from the first to the last. Of all the men whom I have known I have never known one so little changed by the conventionalities of society, and the hard trial of success and prosperity. At college and on the morning of the day he died he

was the same in his dispositions, the same in his outward manners, the same in his habits of thought and feeling, the same to a remarkable degree even in his attitudes and looks. It was because his character was a true and real character. He never aspired to become the representative of a new movement or a new idea. He was content to be himself. Hence it was, as I believe, that he suffered so little from the envies and jealousies and heart-burnings which sometimes find their way even among literary men. He was one of that happy few whom all love to hear praised.

REMARKS OF HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, SEN.

I have been particularly requested, as one who has been a member of this society for more than sixty years, to make some expression of my feelings, on this occasion, in memory of this distinguished citizen and exemplary man. Otherwise, I should not have ventured to obtrude them in the presence of so many gentlemen who, from similarity of age, of pursuits, of taste, of genius, and long, intimate personal familiarity, are so much better qualified to do justice to his singular and rare merits. As an historian the world has already uttered all that can be said. No tribute can be paid to his worth and his talents, in this respect, which has not been already anticipated, and expressed in his lifetime.

His merits were singular, and such as the world does not often witness and has seldom the opportunity to do justice to. He was the son of a father, who, in purity of life, in elevation of sentiment, in soundness of judgment, had among his contemporaries, no superior, and was surpassed by few, if by any, in talents or legal knowledge. Had his character been of a common type, he would have sunk under the lustre of his father's virtues or been content to live in the enjoyment and imitation of them. But, inspired and directed by the same spirit, he saw that at the bar, and in the Senate chamber, there was no honor to be acquired, which his father had not attained; and instinctively shunning both, he took a path, in which intellectual power was less severely tested and its rewards far more wide spread and universal.

It is not requisite here to speak of the success and unqualified renown with which he has crowned and made immortal his memory. His merits were not only singular, but rare. Few men ever rose to such an extent and height of reputation without, in look, language, or demeanor, indicating somewhat, or somewhere, a sense of the honors he had acquired. But William H. Prescott's modesty was as innate and deep-seated as his genius. The delicacy of his temperament shrunk from public notice and praise. To the merits of others he was just and liberal; concerning his own, reserved or silent.

While cultivating the fields of literature

he practised and exemplified all the virtues, and gave new splendor, and a wider sphere to the intellect he had inherited.

His life is a lesson—an incentive and example. Truth, purity, unaffected humility, combined with steady, persevering, wisely directed labor, characterized his whole course.

An accident, in early life, had nearly quenched his corporeal light. So much more his intellectual light seemed to burn inward, dispersing the veil of corporeal darkness, and revealing to the world a luminary casting a light on past time, in which all future time will rejoice.

REMARKS OF DR. FROTHINGHAM.

Mr. President,—Before a company where there are so many eloquent tongues, I should not have the presumption to say any thing—should have no apology for saying any thing of our dear associate, so lately taken away from us, if it were not for the memories that travel back so far as the time when neither of us had reached the full age of manhood, for the companionship that I had the privilege of enjoying with him afterwards, and especially for the sacred relation in which I stood to him for a number of years in the ripest and most distinguished portion of his days. While he was a student in the university I was brought into close neighborhood with him, and something like official connection. This was just before that severe calamity befell him, which one is yet hardly justified in calling a calamity, so manfully, so sweetly, so wondrously did he not only endure it, but convert it to the highest purposes of a faithful, scholarly, serviceable life. Before he published the first of those histories which have given him so proud a place in the literature, not only of his own country, but of the British and Continental world, it was my happiness to be engaged with him year after year in examining the students of the College in the modern languages, where his attendance was as freely given as if he had nothing else to do, and as if his eyes were as sound as his intellect, and where his presence was always a delight. After this, in the year 1841, he became a worshipper at the First Church, where a holier bond was formed, and where its minister might learn from an example more shining than his lessons, the beauty of a reverent, thoughtful, dutiful Christian mind.

These are my claims. *Mr. President,* to say a few words, and a very few are all that it will become me to say, in the midst of so much admiration and sorrow. They shall be words narrowed into one particular direction—my conception of his private and personal worth. And this not with the slightest thought of an intent to depict his moral portrait, not to undertake to analyze in the least degree the elements of his fine nature but

simply to convey with a touch or two my sense of what he was, rather than of what he accomplished. Let others tell of his labors and their splendid success. Let these be set forth in all the terms of eulogy for the instruction and encouragement of youths and men, and as a just tribute to his own fame. As for me, I cannot think of these things now. Pardon me for saying such a word in a company where so many are loyal to Learning as to a sovereign mistress, and so many are enjoying the bright prizes of society, but to my thinking, when we have just borne away our dead, literary achievement does not seem so much as it did, and the best deserved applause has something hollow in its sound. Let me look at our valued associate only in the light of his gentle, cheerful, steadfast, noble disposition. That light came all from within. I am willing to look away at present from the broader but inferior glory.

The man was more than his books. His character was loftier than all his reputation. So simple minded and so great minded; so keen in his perceptions, but so kind in his judgments; so resolute, but so unpretending; so considerate of every one, and so tasking of himself; so full of the truest and warmest affections; so merry in his temper, without overleaping a single due bound; such spirit, but such equanimity; so much thoughtfulness, without the least cast of sickliness; doing good as by the instinct of spontaneous activity, and doing labor without a wrinkle or a strain; unswerving in his integrity, and with the nicest sense of honor; whom no disadvantage could dishearten, no prosperity corrupt, no honors and plaudits elate or alter one whit; modest, as if he had never done any thing; retaining through life all the artlessness of the highest wisdom, with a liberal heart and an open hand; the ingenuousness of youth flashing to the last from his frank face; walking in sympathy with his fellows and humbly before God! Ah, Mr. President, we ought to make some allowance for those, who, born with a less genial and upward nature, of a more stubborn material or ruder shape, with fewer of those native endowments and appetences which come direct from the Father of Spirits, are unable to perform so much.

I will do no more than repeat a single anecdote so characteristic of our lamented friend—that, simple as it is, it will bear to be recorded as a representative fact. His mother—and, truly, who was ever descended from a nobler parentage on both sides than he?—his mother, as she sat with me one day in my study, said—“This is the very room where William was shut up for so many months in utter darkness. In all that trying season, when so much had to be endured, and our hearts were ready to fail us for fear, I never in

a single instance groped my way across the apartment to take my place at his side, that he did not salute me with some hearty expression of good cheer. Not in a single instance. As if we were the patients and it was his place to comfort us.” No word of complaint through all that dismal period, no sigh of impatience or regret. He was no content even with the perfect silence of an unrepining will. But he must sing in that imprisonment and night. Is this *not* a representative example? We cannot be surprised at any thing that followed after this. Was not this the man to win crowns of laurel and oak, and to wear them as if they were the natural growth of his hair?

And now that he has been just so long gone that the wound of his loss is fresh and the grief sore, and yet there has been time for the shock to subside and reflection to claim its healing office, I think we must feel it to be good for him and us that he was taken away by a noiseless appointment and a swift angel—just as it was, just as it was—that the second touch of his malady was so absolute.

“No pale gradations quench’d his ray,
No twilight mists.”

“Felix, Agricola, non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.” He was taken in the midst of his honorable toils, his high faculties, his bright name, his full tides of intellect and love, his troops and armies of admiring regards, on the verge of the grand climacteric of his well-used years. No one will take up and carry on his unfinished tasks. Who can? Who need? We can bear that deprivation. But we do not know how we should have borne the slow crumbling of so rare a mansion, the crippling of so sweet an energy, the clouding over, deeper and deeper, of that clear intellect, the fitful freezing and thawing, stopping and flowing of the currents of the diviner life. We will hide our eyes from that terrible peril. We will give thanks that he was taken, though snatched, from so dreary an evil. All is well with him now. He is emancipated, and not exposed or bound.

“These shall swim after death, with their choicest deeds
Shining on their white shoulders.”

MR. BANCROFT'S EULOGY ON MR. PRESCOTT.—At the meeting of the New York Historical Society, on 1st of February, the following remarks were made by Hon. George Bancroft. As a noble tribute from a brother historian, and as a sketch of Mr. Prescott at once graphic, discriminating, and beautifully drawn, this eulogy will be everywhere read with lively interest:—

Mr. President.—With deepest grief we have heard of the death of William Hickling Prescott, the illustrious historian, the cherished and honored member of this Society. The news has fallen upon us most suddenly and unexpectedly; we had scarcely risen from the perusal of the volume which he has just published, and we found there evidence of an ever-increasing creative power, richness of expression, a style of narrative of irresistible interest, a masterly capacity for analysis and combination, fit to draw the picture of a kingdom or a people. The world was but just beginning to bear to him the honors which his last and ablest production had deserved, when the tidings broke upon us that he had ceased to be mortal.

"He is gone and hath not left his peer."

It has been common to refer to sudden death as teaching "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." On this occasion such words are out of place. Prescott passed his life in the pursuit of truth, which in its own nature is unchangeable, and so he connected himself with that which is eternal, securing to his character and his career a solid reality and an enduring existence in the memory of his fellow-men. Neither can we regard the moment of his death, however sad for us, as altogether inopportune for himself. He had just completed the publication of the volume which even now is enchaining the attention of the intelligent wherever the English language is known; so that he passed away like a great commander who falls in the hour of victory, when the heat and contest and dangers of the day are over. That his last great work has not been carried out to the end which he contemplated, is a loss to the world. We may grieve not to have from his pen the full history of the formation of the republic of the Netherlands, and especially that the story of the Armada, with the fate of that stupendous enterprise against Protestantism and England, should not have been displayed by one whose rare talent for the vivid representation of outward scenes was unequalled. But at whatever time Prescott might have been called from earth, he would have left some work unfinished; for he belonged to the class of men of that delicate organization which leaves it impossible for them to live for themselves alone, but makes of their powers, not private possessions, but gifts to the world; and at whatever time he might have received from the great Workmaster his summons, so long as consciousness remained he would have still been found a laborer; ever to the last obedient to the law of duty.

It has been said that the injury to his eyesight caused his devotedness to the career of

letters. I hardly think so. From his earliest years, he was earnest in the study of all that was purest and noblest and best in modern and ancient literature. The first time that I can recall having seen him, was at Harvard College, as he pronounced a Latin Ode that he had written to Spring; and his polished lines had a grace and elegance which at that early day pointed out distinctly the course of life to which he was called. When the effects of an accident that affected his sight became aggravated by a severe illness, the inward light shone all the more refulgently in his well-prepared mind, and its chambers became bright with the clear vision of the purposes which he was to fulfil. He disciplined himself for the execution of the great designs which he then conceived, with the largest comprehensiveness of industry. While he gathered books from all quarters and ransacked the recesses of public archives and private collections of manuscripts for materials, he drew still more closely his intimacy with the ancient classics, and with modern literature, not of France and England only, but of Spain and Italy. He made, moreover, a special study of the historic art; not merely by reading the works of illustrious historians, but by the study and solitary meditation of what had been said best on the manner of writing history. His eyesight was impaired, not destroyed; so that in all the works which he had printed, he was able at some stages of their preparation to read for two or three hours each day. He compensated the necessity of using so much the eyes of others by a wonderful development of his powers; he gained the faculty of attention in its highest perfection, and his memory took such fast hold of the knowledge that came to him through the ear, that it remained with him in exact and well-defined outlines, as if it had been written with a diamond pen on tablets of steel.

His habits were methodically exact; retiring early and ever at the same hour, he rose early alike in winter and in summer at the appointed moment, rousing himself instantly, though in the soundest sleep, at the first note of his alarm bell; never giving indulgence to lassitude or delay. To the hours which he gave to his pursuits he adhered as scrupulously as possible, never lightly suffering them to be interfered with; now listening to his reader; now dictating what was to be written; now using his own eyes sparingly for reading; now writing by the aid of simple machinery devised for those who are in darkness; now passing time in thoughtfully revolving his great theme. For this reason, at the period of his life when he rode much on horseback—and he was an excellent and fearless rider—it was his choice and his habit to go out

alone; and in his stated exercise on foot, you might be sure that, when by himself, his mind was shaping out work for the rest of the day. In this way, systematic in his mode of life, he proceeded onward, and still onward, till the eyes of the world were turned with admiration on the genial scholar, who, with placid calmness, courageously trampled appalling difficulty under foot, and gained the first place among his countrymen as the historic instructor of mankind.

The excellence of his productions is, in part, transparent to every reader. Compare what he has written with the most of what others have left on the same subjects, and Prescott's superiority beams upon you from the contrast. The easy flow of his language, and the faultless lucidity of his style, may make the reader forget the unremitting toil which the narrative has cost; but the critical inquirer sees everywhere the fruits of investigation rigidly pursued, and an impartiality and soundness of judgment, which give authority to every statement, and weight to every conclusion.

Each of Prescott's works has a charm of its own; the first has the special attraction that belongs to the earliest but thoroughly matured fruit of his youthful aspirations. In the "Conquest of Mexico," a subtle, scarce perceptible, yet all-pervading warmth underlies the style of the whole work, running through every sentence from the first to the last. The plastic power of the author in moulding crude and incongruous and forbidding materials into shape and unity and life, appears most conspicuously in the "Conquest of Peru." In his last work we discern in the highest degree the hand of the master. Years seemed only to renew the freshness of his talent, enhance the brilliancy of his coloring, and confirm the vigor of his grasp. I remember hearing Bryant, in his eulogy on Fennimore Cooper, speak with wondering admiration of the undimmed lustre of invention which he displayed in one of his works written when he was more than fifty years old. Prescott's last volume was finished after he was sixty, and it is a perfect model of skill in narration. Every statement is the result of most elaborate research, and yet, as he passes from court to country, from valley to mountain ranges, from Spain to the Levant, among Moors and Turks and Christians and corsairs from Barbary, his movements are as easy and graceful as those of the humming-bird as it roves after honey among the flowers of Summer; and his pictures of battles are as vivid as though the sun had taken them in its brightest colors at the very moment they were raging.

In the writings of Prescott his individual character is never thrust on the attention of his readers; but, as should ever be the case

in a true work of art, it appears only in glimpses, or as an abstraction from the whole. Yet his personality is the source of the charm of his style, and all who knew him will say, he was himself greater and better than his writing. While his histories prove him to have felt that he owed his time to the service of mankind, every thing about him marked him out to be the most beloved of companions, and the life and joy and pride of society.

His personal appearance itself was singularly pleasing, and won for him everywhere in advance a welcome and favor. His countenance had something that brought to mind "the beautiful disdain" that hovers on that of the Apollo. But, while he was high spirited he was tender and gentle and humane. His voice was like music, and one could never hear enough of it. His cheerfulness reached and animated all about him. He could indulge in playfulness, and could also speak earnestly and profoundly; but he knew not how to be ungracious or pedantic. In truth, the charms of his conversation were unequalled, he so united the rich stores of memory with the ease of one who is familiar with the world.

In his friendships he was most faithful; true to them always; true to the last; never allowing his confidence to be so much as ruffled by the noisy clamors of calumny, or by rivalry, or by differences of opinion. In the management of his affairs he was prudent and considerate; in his expenditures liberal to all about him, and to those in want, ever largely generous, having an open hand, but doing good without observation. His affections rested early and happily on the congenial object of his choice, and the rosy light of his youth, never dimmed by a cloud, went with him all his way through life.

Brothers of the Historical Society; I see among you those who knew Prescott as a friend; we join the cultivated world in honoring his memory; we mingle our tears with those of his family. Standing as it were by his grave, we cannot recall any thing in his manner, his character, his endowments, or his conduct, that we could wish changed. If he had faults, his associates loved him too well to find them out. We none of us know of his writing one line that he could wish to blot, or uttering a word of which the echo need be suppressed. Those of us who are growing old must bear in mind that he has gone but a little before us; his spirit speaks to you, young men, charging you to emulate him in the culture of intelligence and the practice of virtue.

From The Transcript, 29 Jan.

DEATH OF PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.—
The city was startled yesterday afternoon by

the sad intelligence that William Hickling Prescott, the distinguished historian, had been stricken with apoplexy, at his residence in Beacon Street, and had survived the attack only two hours. This sudden departure was not wholly unexpected to the deceased, as he had a stroke of paralysis some months since, which he regarded as a preliminary warning to him to be prepared for death. But as he has recently been in apparently fine health and excellent spirits, his many friends indulged the hope that he would be able to complete the great work to which the last years of his useful life have been devoted. It was our privilege to have an interview with him the present week, and we do not remember ever to have seen him when he was more cheerful or hopeful, or expressed deeper interest upon matters relating to literature and politics.

Mr. Prescott was born at Salem, May 4th, 1796. He was descended from an honored ancestry. His father was eminent as a lawyer and judge; his mother was one of the noblest women that ever lived; his grandfather commanded the American militia at the Battle of Bunker Hill; his great-grandfather was a councillor in Colonial times, and the name has been noted and honorable in our annals since the arrival of the pioneers of the family in 1640. Mr. Prescott's family removed to Boston when he was twelve years old, and he was placed soon afterwards with the late Rev. Dr. Gardiner of Trinity Church, under whose tuition he made rapid progress in his studies. He entered Harvard College in 1811, and graduated in 1814 in the class of which Judge Merrick, Judge John Gray Rogers, Samuel D. Bradford, B. A. Gould, Thomas Wetmore, Thomas W. Phillips, President Walker, and the Rev. Drs. Andrew Bigelow and Alvan Lamson are the prominent survivors.

Mr. Prescott originally intended to read law, but near the close of his career in college, an accident deprived him instantly of the use of one eye, and the other soon became enfeebled and impaired, and his general health failed so that he was compelled to relinquish his legal and indeed all other studies for awhile. He visited Europe, and vainly sought aid from the most eminent foreign oculists. He passed two years in travelling in England, France, and Italy, when he returned home restored in health, but with his

sight permanently impaired. He devoted much time to literary matters, and contributed a number of valuable papers to the *North American Review*.

His articles in the *North American* show the tendencies of his mind and his favorite studies. In October, 1824, he contributed a paper on "Italian Narrative Poetry," which called out some strictures from an Italian teacher in New York, to which a reply was made in the *North American* for July, 1825. A paper on "Scottish Song," appeared in July, 1826; one on "Moliere," in October 1828; one on "Irving's Conquest of Grenada," in October, 1829. The titles and dates of his other contributions are as follows: "Instruction of the Blind," July, 1830; "Poetry and Romance of the Italians," July, 1831; "Cervantes," July, 1837; "Sir Walter Scott," April, 1838; "Chateaubriand's English Literature," October, 1839; "Bancroft's United States," January, 1841; "Madame Calderon's Life in Mexico," January, 1843; "Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature," January, 1850. These essays, except the last, were printed in one volume in London and Boston in 1845, and several editions have since been called for.

The memoir of Charles Brockden Brown, the novelist, published in Spark's *American Biography* in 1834, was written by Mr. Prescott. But he had long cherished the hope of being able to write a history, and as he prosecuted his researches into Spanish literature and annals, his design assumed form. The friendly offices of the late Hon. Alexander H. Everett, then United States Minister at Madrid, were of great service in enabling him to obtain a rich and extensive body of materials for his work. These valuable books, manuscripts, and copies of official documents reached him at a time when most men, under like circumstances, would have abandoned all hope of executing the task he undertook.

An extract from the preface to his *History of Peru*, dated April, 1847, will best explain what these were, and most authentically describe that peculiarity of his literary history which is so remarkable in itself and so valuable and encouraging to others who may suffer under any physical infirmity. He says:—

"While at the university I received an injury in one of my eyes which deprived me of the sight of it. The other soon was attacked by inflammation so severely that for some time I lost the sight of that also; and

though it was subsequently restored, the organ was so much disordered as to remain permanently debilitated; while twice in my life since, I have been deprived of the use of it for all purposes of reading or writing for several years together. It was during one of these periods that I received from Madrid the materials for my history of Ferdinand and Isabella, and in my disabled condition, with my transatlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state I resolved to make the best of it if possible do the work of the eye. I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities; and in time I became so familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad), that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader proceeded, I dictated copious notes; and, when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly, till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purpose of composition.

His first great work, "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," appeared in 1838, and was received with a hearty welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. To show what progress has been made since that day, we will state that this work, now regarded with such favor, sought a publisher some months without success. The *seventh* revised edition of the work appeared in 1854. The "Conquest of Mexico" was issued in 1843, and his "Conquest of Peru" in 1847. Both were published in Europe in different languages, and both have been issued in Mexico.

In 1856 Mr. Prescott published an edition of Robertson's "History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth," with notes and a valuable supplement containing an "Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication."

Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was reviewed in the North American Review by Geo. S. Hillard, by Prof. J. G. Cogswell in the Methodist Quarterly, by the Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith in the Christian Review, and by the Rev. Dr. H. Ballou in the Universalist Quarterly.

His "Ferdinand and Isabella" was reviewed by W. H. Gardiner, Esq., in the Quarterly Review, the Rev. Dr. F. W. P. Greenwood in the North American Review, Hon. John Pickering in the Christian Examiner, and R. W. Hamilton in the New York Review.

The "Conquest of Peru" was reviewed by

the Hon. Charles W. Upham in the Christian Examiner, Prof. Bowen in the North American Review, and by E. P. Whipple in the Methodist Quarterly.

In 1855 the first two volumes of his crowning work, the "History of the Reign of Philip II," appeared, and the third volume has been issued within a few months. The public journals and reviews on both sides of the Atlantic are now speaking its praises, as a work worthy of the fame of its distinguished author. The last British steamer brought an elaborate review of the volume, in which the English critic said—"We take leave of Mr. Prescott's admirable volume with a renewed sense of the obligations which history owes him. The present volume alone would establish his claims to a high rank among contemporary historians."

Columbia College of New York conferred upon Mr. Prescott the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1840. In 1845 he was elected a corresponding member of the class of Moral and Political Philosophy in the French Institute, as successor to Navarete, the Spanish historian. The ancient University of Oxford gave him an honoray degree in 1850, and he has been elected a member of various learned and literary bodies at home and abroad.

No native author has shed more lustre on American Literature than Mr. Prescott. His fame is based upon the most enduring foundations and his name is honorably associated with the most interesting epochs in modern history. His death at this time will be sincerely and widely mourned. His life affords a rare example of the triumph of a resolute will over the most adverse physical infirmity. His friend Mr. George Ticknor, to whom his volume of Biographical and Critical Miscellanies is dedicated, has well remarked that his "honors will always be dearest to those who have best known the discouragements under which they have been won, and the modesty and gentleness with which they are worn."

We have thus far confined our comments upon the outward or more public career of Mr. Prescott. The task is harder to portray his private character in terms that will do any thing like justice to it, without the risk of having those who were not numbered among his friends, regarding the work to be fulsome, and unwarranted by the truth. Mr. Prescott was one whose fine, frank countenance was

the index of a truly noble character; his manners were simple, his sympathies warm, his temper genial, his nature unselfish. His list of friends included everybody who knew him. The daily beauty of *his life* was no ideal of a poet, but the actual of a loving nature and a trusting heart.

Mr. Prescott leaves a widow and three children—two sons and a daughter, the latter the wife of James Lawrence, Esq.

From The Boston Courier, 29th Jan.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT is dead. There is no spot on this earth, where the English language is spoken—indeed no one in which letters are valued—in which this startling intelligence will not fall with a saddening weight upon the heart. He died suddenly, in the prime of life, with all his faculties about him, in the midst of unfinished labors and loving friends. We can hardly feel that we shall no longer see on earth, that fine and cordial face, or again be cheered by his warm-hearted greeting.

About two years since he had a slight stroke of paralysis, which, however, soon yielded to medical treatment, and for many months past he has seemed in excellent health and spirits; and his friends confidently predicted for him many more years of active literary exertion. But it was otherwise ordered by the All-Disposer. At twelve o'clock yesterday he was in his usual health; at half-past twelve he was stricken with apoplexy, and at two o'clock he breathed his last.

Mr. Prescott belonged to a New England family of high honor. His grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, as is well known, commanded the American forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. His father, William Prescott, generally known and addressed in this community, during the later years of his life, as Judge Prescott, was one of the best and wisest men who have ever lived and died among us. He was a lawyer, in a very large practice for a great many years, and a very acute, successful, and learned jurist. But his mind was never subdued to what it worked in; there was nothing in it narrow, limited, or technical. On the contrary, he was a man of large sagacity, comprehensive wisdom, who looked at all things from a high point of view, and, although his life was passed in a private walk—though he never held any other than a judicial office and for a short period, yet in

the judgment of all who knew him, there was no civil function or trust which he was not competent to discharge with signal ability. His mother was a daughter of Thomas Hickling, who for a great many years was United States Consul at the Azores. He was born in Salem, Mass., May 4th, 1796, and resided there until his father's removal to Boston, when he himself was twelve years old. He entered Harvard College in 1811, and was graduated in 1814. While in college, he was deprived by accident of the use of one eye, and the sight of the other was so impaired as to prevent him from engaging in any occupation in which the constant use of that organ should be necessary. Happily his father's circumstances were such as to preclude the necessity of his toiling for bread. He early determined to devote himself to a life of literature. Soon after leaving college, being advised to travel, he went to Europe and spent two years in an extended journey through England, France, and Italy, and at the end of it returned home in excellent general health, but with no great improvement in the state of his eyes.

His marriage soon after took place; and from this period his days flowed on in diligent and uneventful devotion to literary pursuits. He was never enabled to use his own eyes but for a short time in the day, but was constantly obliged to use the eyes of others for his studies and researches, as well as to record the results of them. His quiet perseverance and continuous industry enabled him to triumph over this difficulty, and to achieve an amount of literary production which is not merely most honorable to his intellectual powers, but conveys a noble moral lesson to all who may be burdened with similar trials. His earliest literary efforts were contributions to the North American Review, upon subjects drawn from Spanish, English, American, and especially Italian literature. Indeed, at one time he contemplated an extended work upon Italian literature. He also contributed to Sparks' American Biography a beautiful notice of Charles Brockden Brown. Most of these earlier productions were published in 1845, in a volume entitled "Biographical and Critical Miscellanies."

After some deliberation and hesitation, he selected the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella as the subject of an extended historical work; and to this the assiduous labor of many years

was cheerfully and patiently given. He drew his materials not merely from all printed sources, but he was enabled to procure many manuscript authorities which no writer before him, at least in English, had been able to gain access to. The work was published in 1838, in three volumes, under the title of the "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic." As we are giving only a rapid sketch of Mr. Prescott's life, without any extended literary criticism of his works, it is enough here to say that this admirable production was received with the utmost enthusiasm, both in Europe and America. Scholars and philosophers admired its depth of research, while general readers were charmed by the limpid ease and natural grace of its style, his brilliant descriptions and animated pictures. It was soon translated into French, Spanish, and German. Its author was immediately elected a member of the Royal Academy of Madrid. The popularity which it gained upon its first publication it has since steadily maintained. It has gone through several editions in England and America, and is one of the established classics in the language.

Mr. Prescott's literary industry was not checked by the success of his first work. He did not, for a moment, repose under his laurels. He immediately devoted himself to the investigation of another brilliant period in the history of Spain, the fruits of which appeared in 1843, in a work, in three volumes, called the "History of the Conquest of Mexico, with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortez." This work was received with favor not less than that which had greeted the History of Ferdinand and Isabella. The literary world recognized in it the same careful research, the same accuracy of statement, the same persuasive sweetness and magic beauty of style.

In 1847, was published in two volumes, the "History of the Conquest of Peru, with a Preliminary view of the Civilization of the Incas," a work of kindred and commensurate excellence to that of the "History of the Conquest of Mexico."

Mr. Prescott now devoted himself with unabated ardor to the preparation of a work of wider range and broader scope—a work which, alas! he has not been permitted to finish—the "History of the Reign of Philip the

Second." This was a theme requiring a larger and more comprehensive treatment than his previous works, and Mr. Prescott made his preparations for it with an extent and deliberation proportionate to its magnitude. He had now become one of the great literary names of the age, and found everywhere persons who were ready to give him assistance. Everywhere, both public collections and private archives were thrown open to him. It was while preparing for this work that he indulged himself with a brief excursion to England, where he was received with the utmost enthusiasm by persons of the highest distinction in literature and social life, and where the favorable impression created by his works was confirmed by his prepossessing appearance and delightful manners. He took ample time for the task, which he destined to be the crowning work of his life. In the latter part of 1855, appeared the first two volumes of this work, under the title of the "History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain." The highest expectations of the public were gratified by it. In dealing with this more comprehensive subject, it was admitted that he had shown the same careful research, the same conscientious balancing of authorities, the same calm and judicial temper, and that it was commended to the general taste by the same picturesque narrative and the same fascination of style.

In 1856 Mr. Prescott published an edition of Robertson's "History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth," with notes and a valuable supplement, containing an account of the Emperor's life after his abdication.

This very last year, indeed, but a few weeks since, the third volume of his History of Philip the Second appeared. The ink seems hardly dry upon the manuscript in which we recorded our honest and fervent admiration of this delightful volume.

The highest possible acknowledgments of literary distinction were liberally showered upon Mr. Prescott. The University of Oxford, in 1850, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1845, he received the highest of all distinctions of its class in being elected a corresponding member of the class of Moral and Political Philosophy in the French Institute, succeeding Navarete, the Spanish historian. Of the most learned societies in Europe he was a member.

Mr. Prescott was as rich in the love of his

friends as in the admiration of the literary world. His manners were most frank, simple, and engaging; his social nature was strong and active; and his sympathies were ever ready and easily moved. His countenance was extremely fine and prepossessing, and retained to the last a youthful glow and animation which were the faithful expression of a sunny temper and an ever young heart. No man was ever more warmly beloved; no man could show a better title to the affections of

his friends. His honors and distinctions never impaired the simplicity and sweetness of his nature, nor changed his countenance towards any one whom he had ever known and loved. No man so eminent was ever pursued with less of envy, detraction, or ill-will. No man's honors were ever a subject of more hearty delight to his friends.

Mr. Prescott leaves a widow and three children—two sons and a daughter.

THE CINCINNATI "CAMILLE"—A LORETTE'S FUNERAL.—Several of the frail sisters of the unfortunate Josephine Ellison having determined, as has been stated, to bury the poor girl a second time [her charred remains had been dug up by some resurrectionists and sold], the Rev. G. T. Flanders, of the First Universalist Church, in a true Christian spirit, offered to preach the funeral service, which took place at that edifice, on Plum Street, at nine o'clock yesterday morning. Although no public notice had been given of the event, the church was nearly full before the appointed time, and when the hour arrived it was difficult to obtain a seat. The company, as may be supposed, was miscellaneous and singular in its character—composed of true Christian men and women, idlers, court-tezans, gamblers, gentlemen, profligates, and philanthropists, all deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. To judge of the service by a hurried glance, a stranger might have thought it a fashionable wedding, perhaps, as he perceived carriage after carriage drive up and deliver their elegantly dressed inmates in front of the edifice. Observation, however, discovered by the sad faces and the sorrowing eyes that it was no occasion of joy. The Rev. Mr. Flanders' sermon was eloquent and touching, from its simple truthfulness, and sank into every heart. God, he said, was all love; that he had destined every human creature for Heaven, and none had reason to despair. He alluded to the antecedents of the poor girl, and to the miserable life she must have led since her false step had brought ineffable affliction to her soul. As he spoke, many persons wept, and we saw strong men bend their heads to hide the starting tears; while the poor women, to whom his words were alive with truth, sobbed like children. We have rarely witnessed a more impressive scene. All appeared to be held in sympathy, and the erring daughters of shame to be re-created for the time, and to have repented of their sins. Their hearts were purified, doubtless, in that hour, and the tablets of their soul washed clean with atoning grief. Alas! if some good angel could have held them in this mood, and spoken with, in a voice not to be disobeyed: "Go back no more!" Those women, doomed to a life of misery and reckless gayety, were a spectacle and study, as their tears ran through their delicately-gloved and richly-jeweled fingers, and their breasts

heaved with the first genuine and sacred emotions they had known for months, it may be for years. Some of them were gaily attired, and their cheeks blazed with rouge; and some looked sin-steeped and hardened; but the most of them were plainly attired, and their features bore the subdued expression that sorrow ever yields. A number were young and very handsome, and he who had been ignorant of their profession would not have dreamed of their frailty. The coffin, of solid rosewood, with silver mountings was exposed near the altar, and the undertaker removed the lid, that those who wished might gaze upon the dead. Many of the vulgarly curious rushed forward, but the lorettes moved not. They only wept the more, and in a few moments followed the corpse silently and with new gushing tears. The coffin was placed in the splendid hearse, and as the inanimate clay of another Marie du Plessis moved forward to its second tomb, the crowd stared for a minute and separated. The sexton closed the doors of the church. The sun looked down brightly upon the cortege, and even upon the coffin of the poor girl, betrayed, burned, dead, buried, and exhumed—and the funeral of the poor lorette was over.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

VERSE IN THE PULPIT.—The last thing we should have fancied, is to have heard within the pulpit echoes of the form and fashion, of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." In the forepart of the season, down at (then not crowded) Ramsgate, an acute, dissenting preacher, to attract a numerous gathering, advertised his fixed intention, twice (D.V.) on the next Sunday, sermons twain then to deliver, in majestic blank verse uttered. And he did it! they who listened, had a weary, weary season; season very weary had they, listening to the man who did it: man obese, obese his wit too. To describe we will not venture, how the pump went onward working, at each lifting of the handle, dribbling forth its stunted measure. Very painful 'twas to hear it, very pleasant to the speaker; Love was the all-graceful subject; quite unlovely was the treatment. But 'twas with a moral pointed; moral pointed very sharply; sharply pointed to the pocket; and it showed how if our bosoms glowed but with the Love he painted, we should prove it by a lib'ral coming-down at the collection.—*Athenaeum*.

THE SCHOOLROOM AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

I.

GRAY plaster walls, with many a stain of damp,
Scotch carpet, with broad margin of bare floor,
Five crippled chairs, round table, and a lamp,
Once bright with gilding, bright, alas, no more.

A couch of faded chintz; an easy chair,
Out at the elbows, failing in the spine,
Yet softly cushion'd; and, reposing there,
Sits the old teacher in the warm fire-shine;
Old ornaments, or hopelessly decay'd,
Come here to wait the last long stage of all—
The final smash—the debt of pottery paid:
The invalided can no further fall.

A hearthrug of a pattern most antique,
Rejected of state-chambers long ago,
Worn, faded, sullied: if a rug could speak,
That rug would tell us many a tale, I trow.
How it first lay beneath a young bride's feet,
Fresh, fringed, and brilliant, in its day of bloom.

Then, how the children crouch'd round nurse,
would meet,
To hear long stories in the twilight gloom.
Next, how the boys, at home for Christmas time,
Kneeling upon it, on the ruddy bar
Roasted their chestnuts, while the old yule-chime
Rang carolling out across the moorland far.

II.

A lively outlook on the churchyard drear;
Four birches, ivy-clad, and snowy white,
Their branches stretch across the panes so near,
And thick, and close, they half shut out the light.

But, when the fire burns up and she's alone,
The curtain drawn, work over for the day;
Old times come back again, old friends long gone
Into the dreamland of the past away.
Kind memory opens wide her silent door,
Familiar faces smile; no clouds between—
She is at home; she is a child once more,
'Midst Christmas jests and laughter, Twelfth
Night's Queen.

The scarlet-berried holly shines with light,
Reflected from the joy of other years;
And pictured scenes start out before her sight,
Scarce dimm'd at all by rising mists of tears.

III.

It is not winter there. The hopeful spring
Glow's out on the dead promises of youth;
Gilds them with beauty, wafts them with its wing
Far, far beyond the silver realms of truth.
Love's river swiftly glides through pleasant
lands,

Bright with perpetual summer, fair and gay.
"Wake, dreamer by the hearth! 'Tis lost in
sands

Of bitter grief,—it is no longer May!"

IV.

"No longer May!" The driving sleet comes
fast,
Dash'd 'gainst the panes by loud December
winds.

Thy mimic joys fade back into the past,

Life, with its present cares, thy fancy binds.
Look out into the sky: all cloud, all rain,
Night hangs above the sobbing, leafless wood,
The blasts go shrieking round the trembling
vane,
Christmas is here in his most dreary mood,

V.

How much of wearying work, how little love!
My life one long, long dead-time of the year
"Look out again!" there is a light above,
Glancing through darkness: rest will soon be
here.
"Patience, O weary heart, thy peace draws
near!"

—Household Words.

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP AT ALTENAUH.

I.

"So the foeman has fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done;
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine;
I never shall drink but this one.

II.

"And fetch me my harness, and saddle my
horse,
And lead him me round to the door;
He must take such a leap to-night perforce
As horse never took before.

III.

"I have lived by the saddle for years a score,
And if I must die on tree,
The old saddle-tree, which has borne me of
yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

IV.

"I have lived my life, I have fought my fight,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Cöln there was never a knight
Lived a merrier life than mine.

V.

"So now to show bishop and burgher and priest
How the Altenau hawk can die.
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly."

VI.

He harness'd himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door,
And he took such a pull at the red Ahr-wine
As never man took before.

VII.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him
tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

VIII.

They found him next morning below in the
glen,
And never a bone in him whole:
But heaven may yet have more mercy than
men
On such a bold rider's soul.

—Fraser's Magazine.

C. K.

From The National Review.

Life and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe.
New Edition. London: John Murray.
1853.

THE criticism of contemporary art cannot possibly be mature. No reader can avoid being influenced by the point of view from which he contemplates the subject of his observation. And as all art worthy of the name is, to some extent at least, permanent, it will always have a side addressed to ideas other than the prevailing ones of the time when it first appears; and where the poet is of wider reaching imagination and insight than his critic, as every great poet almost always will be, this side will probably, for some time at least, be beyond the power of the latter to estimate, perhaps beyond his scope to perceive at all. Every new generation possesses new facilities for the estimation of a true poet. It can ascertain the judgment passed by those who have gone before; and it can bring its own new knowledge and the fresh conditions of its own position to test the permanent truthfulness, wisdom, and beauty of the poems delivered to the ears of generations gone by. The true Temple of Fame is long in building; every age reviews its proportions, adds a new stone, or tears down an unmerited decoration. Sometimes a hasty Tower of Babel soars into the skies in a brief ecstasy of popular applause, to be scattered forever in scorn by the next comers; sometimes the moss gathers over a few well-laid stones, destined after long years to be reverentially cleared and made the foundation of a monument lasting as the heavens. The criticism of the literature of the day is, no doubt, the more immediate function of the Reviews of the day; but, even in the interests of such criticism, it is well to secure those elements of comparison which are to be obtained by the occasional discussion of the productions of other writers than those who now first appear upon the stage. We shall treat these latter more broadly and more justly if we preserve our familiarity with those who have preceded them; and, independently of this, it can never be without interest to record how a great poet appears to each new generation of readers.

It needs no apology, then, we conceive, to our readers, that we occupy our pages with some remarks on the poetry of Crabbe; which, however little it may coincide with the modern estimate of what is most delightful in the

art of verse, can yet never fail to command respect and admiration. Nor shall we scruple to refresh their memories with a brief sketch of the life and personal habits of the author; not because we have any thing to offer on this subject derived from other than existing sources of contemporary allusion and the excellent Memoir by his son, but because it is our object rather to examine the genius of the man than to attempt to measure out exact dues of praise or blame to his productions.

Both the biography and the works of Crabbe are less widely read than they deserve to be. The poet in his lifetime enjoyed a wide popularity, which narrowed somewhat suddenly after his decease. His writings, on their first appearance, had an extensive body of readers, and gained the suffrages of the best-qualified judges of his day. Burke first distinguished his rising genius. Fox and Johnson read him with pleasure, and condescended to correct him; for a condescension it was esteemed on both sides, though corrections made under the influence of an external authority of this kind rarely fail to operate as deteriorations. Canning and Dudley North were warm in their admiration; and Wilson and Jeffreys and Gifford agreed to applaud him; Sir Walter Scott, with his open-hearted enthusiasm, extolled him as a poet and welcomed him as a friend. Both *The Borough* and *The Village*, inferior as they are to *The Tales*, found readers throughout the breadth of the land; and Mr. Murray paid him £3000 for *The Tales of the Hall* and the copyright of the poems already published. But though that work too was well received, the interest in Crabbe's poetry receded so rapidly that the bargain proved more liberal than prudent on the part of the publisher. Most poets experience an ebb of reputation after it has risen to its first height; and, indeed, their fame generally partakes of a periodical rise and fall, during which some are borne higher on every succeeding wave, and others gradually stranded.

It is low tide with Crabbe just at present: the times of late have not been favorable to the appreciation of writers of his school. He may be considered as the last great poet who made man and the lives of men the direct subject of his verse. Modern poetry has occupied itself not with men, but with the ideas, the passions, and the sentiments of men; not with their lives, and not with their characters,

but with detached incidents of lives and special traits or sides of character. The concrete man and the actual life have been subordinated to, or displayed only to throw a more vivid light on, the elucidation of feelings and ideas; and often these have been simply the feelings and ideas of the poet himself. The colloquists of *The Excursion* are not very ingeniously contrived mouthpieces for the contemplative imagination and meditative genius of the author. Byron wrote to vent his own passions—his anger, his wit, his chagrin, his love of beauty; Burns is either lyrical or satirical; and Shelley, singing like his own sky-lark

"Till all the earth and air
With his voice is loud,"

soars like it too into a region of thin air, native to himself, but removed far away from the working-day aspects and actual arrangements of human affairs. Tennyson, with far more power than any of these of entering into other minds and sympathizing with varied feeling, is perhaps still less capable of dealing with complete character. He has painted not men, but present moods, and what may be called attitudes of mind, in men. In the softness of his outlines and the richness of his coloring he is most unlike the daguerreotypist; but he is like the manipulator in his main difference from a great painter. He gives a likeness from a fixed point of view; and though a complete likeness, yet one of only a single aspect of his subject: while a man like Rembrandt or Sir Joshua Reynolds, poring long upon a face, possesses the magic power of indicating something of the whole character in his one likeness of the countenance. Literary art for some years past, both in verse and prose fiction, has narrowed itself more and more exclusively to the exposition of the feelings and the description of nature. The thought itself which mingles in it is employed in reflecting on the influences of scenery and scrutinizing the working of the heart; and character has come to mean less what a man will think and do and appear under given circumstances than what he will feel. In such a school women are of course prominent, both as writers and subject-matter. The material is that with which they are specially qualified to deal both from knowledge and inclination, and of which they themselves furnish a complex, varied, and interesting part. Their conceptions, it is true,

are often concrete and real; but they occupy themselves with but one-half of our nature, and always the same half. They are not alone, however; the closest observer and ablest reproducer of life and manners among modern writers wades deeper every step in the same direction. He has long been at a dead lock in the *Virginians*, and threatens to surrender himself entirely to describing sentiment and uttering caustic and humorous sayings about sentiment. The humor of Dickens has always lain in the caricature of special traits and the exaggeration of engaging excellences; and Bulwer, tired of his old ideals, solicits a female audience, and striking boldly into the current of the day, devotes himself to the domestic affections. Modern poets are not simply lyrical; they do not utter themselves directly. They are contemplative, but contemplate themselves; they frame outward delineations, but use them as machinery for displaying the results of introspection. *Aurora Leigh* is a vivisection on the bookseller's counter; Coventry Patmore, in a poem devoted to the deification of woman, tells us how he felt during his courtship; and to descend lower, Alexander Smith and Gerald Massey, as they have the less command of external resources, are all the more assiduous in digging in their own natures.

It may be questioned, however, whether a reaction be not at hand. At any rate, we think the world of readers is ripe for it, if any writer shall be found powerful enough to raise the standard of revolt. War has shaken up the energies of the nation; and we should not be surprised if it and some other influences should be found potent to disperse the too exclusive devotion to the affections which has long distinguished English art.

Should our poetry turn to contemplate the more practical and every-day aspects of human life,—should it turn, we mean, from the passions and sentiments on which life revolves to the activities in which it is spent; should it take to scanning moralities rather than feelings, and doings rather than contemplations,—it is probable that Crabbe will gain some meed of real attention more valuable than the uninformed acquiescence in eulogy which is pretty universally conceded to him.

He was born in the year 1754, at Aldborough on the coast of Suffolk. The scene of his birth and early life left an indelible impression on his mind and genius. It was in

those days a rude village on the eastern coast, and combined much that is most repulsive in aspect and scenery with that particular picturesqueness, and to some minds even charm, which is often to be found in such situations. The coast for miles is a long line of rounded flint shingle, edged at low tide with a narrow belt of sand; on it the waves of the German Ocean, which has an air of grimness and inhospitality beyond most other seas, beat with an irresistible force, and make yearly conquests from the land. Sometimes on the wild winter nights the pilots and fishermen throng the beach, the anxious women clustering round them, and, powerless to carry aid across the curled and grating surges, witness with gloomy eyes the hopeless driving of some dimly-discerned vessel, whose gleaming lights express the terrors of the hapless wretches on board; and sometimes the danger comes nearer home, and the raging billows, rushing beyond their limits, sweep away whole rows of cottages and plant the sea among their ruins. In a small and gloomy house with overhanging upper story which has since thus perished, the poet was born.

The Ald, a navigable stream, passes by the little town, but does not there debouch into the sea. Turning southward, it runs parallel to the shore for several miles. The strip that for this distance separates it from the sea is waste and marshy, and the aspect of the whole rural district around is bare and poverty-stricken. It has been described by the poet himself, in lines to whose force and minuteness nothing can be added:—

“Lo! where the heath, with withering brake
grown o’er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbor-
ing poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither’d
ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o’er the land, and rob the blighted rye.
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of
toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O’er the young shoot the charlock throws a
shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly
blade:
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendor vainly shines around.”

The inhabitants of this district were half peasants half smugglers, and the town itself was almost exclusively occupied by seafaring men, some of whom lived by the ocean and drew up their fishing and pilot boats on the beach, and others were employed in the inland traffic which passed up and down the river. A strong tide comes up the broad channel of the Ald to the town, and receding, leaves the muddy banks exposed:—

“Here samphire-banks and saltwort bound the
flood,
There stakes and seaweeds withering on the
mud;
And higher up a ridge of all things base,
Which some strong tide has rolled upon the
place.”

On this river is Slaughden Quay; and here, in his father’s warehouse, the young Crabbe was compelled to roll the cheeses and pile the butter; duties harshly, but perhaps not unreasonably, imposed upon him while awaiting an opening for other occupation. His father was salt-master and a leading man in the little borough, though scarcely raised in social standing above the fishermen around him. But he was a man of vigorous mind and strong passions, fond of mathematical problems and a reader of Milton, subject to fits of gloom and anger, and though himself attached to his children, ruling them with a sway that made fear predominant over love in their minds. George’s inaptitude in handling the tiller the sheet called forth many a coarse and harsh rebuke; but his father had sense to see the boy’s superior mental qualifications, and strained his means to afford him the best education in his power. But not much time could be devoted to this object. He was destined for a surgeon, and at the age of thirteen first entered on his apprenticeship. He learned something of what may be learned by reading, and was specially attracted to the study of botany; but he made no progress in what men gain by practice; and when, after some years, he attempted to establish himself in Aldborough, the sense of his incompetency, and the idea that he might at any moment be called on in some case requiring experience and manual dexterity, made him miserable. His musing habits inspired no confidence, and an active rival engrossed the little occupation there was. He himself declared that he turned to verse as a last resource for a livelihood. This is not altogether so, as from his

boyhood he seems to have loved to express his feelings and ideas in rhyme; but there is no doubt that the severity of his needs turned that into a systematic study which had otherwise perhaps only been an occasional recreation. He had a strong, active mind; he found he could turn a verse as well as another; he liked the exercise, and had studied it; others had lived by it, he conceived he might do the same. His professional prospects were hopeless, his dislike to the rude manners of those around him excessive; and after long and anxious meditation, he resolved to give up the struggle to live as a surgeon, and to commit himself to the frail resources of a literary career in London. With a stock of his best verses and three pounds in money, he sailed in the fore-castle of a sloop for the metropolis. This was in the spring of 1780.

There is no nobler instance of untiring, industrious perseverance and cheerful fortitude than that displayed by Crabbe during his first year in London. Melancholy and misery at times no doubt laid heavy hands upon him; but his was not the spirit to yield to the gloomy despair of Chatterton. His endurance was based on a simple but deeply felt piety, which no disappointments could shake or even obscure; and his spirits were supported by the steady attachment and lively spirits of his future wife. This was a Miss Elmy, a lady of some little higher social position than himself, and the niece of a Mr. Towell, one of the old race, who, with an estate of some £800 a year, called himself yeoman, and dined in his kitchen at the head of his domestics and laborers, while his wife shared the labors of the farm and scrubbed the floor of the best apartment. Crabbe, who had made their acquaintance when surgeon's apprentice in the neighborhood, had to bear many a rude jeer on his assumption of gentility and acquaintance with "the damned learning;" but he was well rewarded by securing the affections of the niece, whose sprightly letters and never-failing sympathy helped to support him through the lingering disappointments of his year of trial in London. How he lived is a mystery. He seems to have had no resource except that of pawning his surgical instruments and his little stock of books. But his wants were few and he entirely escaped those shiftless and dissipated habits into which men in his situation

have so often been betrayed. For society he consorted with a few sober-minded young mathematicians, who met at a little coffee-house near the Exchange; and for recreation he walked to Highgate or Hornsey, and read Horace or Catullus in the country. His industrious days were devoted to the manufacture, remodelling, and writing out of poems. Bookseller after bookseller refused them; and when at last he succeeded in obtaining the publication of *The Candidate*, this single ray of hope was extinguished by the failure of the publisher. It was a time when literature was shaking itself free from the dependence on individual patronage, and learning to rely upon the wider and more wholesome approbation of the general public. But Crabbe, unable to obtain the opportunity of submitting himself to the world, unwillingly sought the protection of a patron. And now his troubles found an end; for after enduring his share of those slights and neglects which are the unavoidable stings of such a pursuit, and when on the eve of arrest for a debt of a few pounds, he was happy enough to be appreciated by one whose praise was an honorable distinction, and the nobleness of whose nature made his benefits at once large and easy to be borne. Edmund Burke approved his poetry, made him the inmate of his house, and charged himself with the advance of his fortunes. Crabbe sat at his table not like a tolerated client, but like a distinguished guest, and was introduced on equal terms to the best and most distinguished friends of his host. The politician in the hot turmoil of party life found time to stimulate and direct the poetical activities of the young author; and, stamped by his approval, *The Library* found a publisher in Mr. Dodsley, and gained applause from the circle of critics. Mr. Crabbe's son justly remarks, that the cultivation of his mind and the propriety of his manners must have been much above what could reasonably have been anticipated from the opportunities he had heretofore enjoyed, to give him at once so firm a hold upon the esteem and regard of such a man as Burke. It is clear that he required only to be known to gain the respect and regard of those with whom he came in contact. The kindness of Sir Joshua Reynolds called forth the warm and grateful feelings of the young adventurer. At his table he met Dr. Johnson, and the great literary dictator patted him on the head in his

gloomy and solemn fashion. To Lord Chancellor Thurlow he had before applied in vain and had expressed his disappointment in some reproachful verses. The surly dispenser of church patronage now asked him to breakfast. "I ought to have noticed, sir," said he, "the first poem you sent me, and I heartily forgive the second." He pressed a hundred-pound note into his hand, and gave him promises of future assistance when he should have taken orders: for a way was now opened for Crabbe to gratify what had been an old predilection, and to enter into the ministry of the church. And deficient as he doubtless was in the education appropriate to such an office, he had at least the qualifications of an unblemished life and a devotional spirit, to which he added sound sense and considerable general cultivation of mind; though his knowledge, as is common with men who have not been regularly educated, or afterwards mingled in the world, was limited in many directions by walls of complete ignorance; and with all his native intelligence and activity of mind, he cannot but have been deficient in that sort of culture which can only be gained by early and continuous intercourse with refined and educated society. He was admitted to orders, and returned to Aldborough as curate to the rector of that place; but remained there only a short time, having been received as the domestic chaplain of the Duke of Rutland on the recommendation of Burke. Treated with all courtesy, he has yet left unmistakable evidence in his poems that the restraints imposed and the observance required by such a position were galling to a spirit for which freedom and independence had a more than ordinary charm. Personally the duke and duchess treated him with a consideration and regard which left an ineffaceable impression; but they could not alter the received conditions of his position. The chaplain of that day had risen far beyond his predecessor of a hundred years back. He was no longer a more or less privileged menial. Theoretically Crabbe was the equal of the titled and distinguished guests that thronged the ducal apartments of Belvoir, practically he was made sensible of a perpetual condescension; it was for those around him to choose the degree of intimacy to which he was to be admitted; it was for him to discharge his functions in the appointed routine, to furnish his society when it

was wished for, and to withdraw from the conversation when it passed the conventional limits of clerical toleration. All this was not much to honest, unsophisticated Mr. Crabbe's taste, nor had his life fitted him to move with ease in the scenes around him. He played his part as well as he could among the splendid hospitalities of the castle; but was never so happy as when he could find opportunity, in the less formal life at the duke's more retired residences, to escape into solitude, and add to his collection of plants or ruminate over some additional verses.

In the year 1783 he published *The Village*. It was corrected by Johnson and Burke, and gained very considerable applause. Soon after he married the object of his long and faithful attachment, and spent the next few years in a curacy in the neighborhood of Belvoir. In 1785 he published *The Newspaper*, which also was well received; much better, indeed, than it deserved.

It was twenty-two years before he again appeared in print. This time was spent in complete retirement from the world in different country parishes in Leicestershire and Suffolk. We do not propose to write a biography, but a criticism; and the incidents of a man's life after he has attained to maturity seldom afford much additional evidence as to his character. In the early part of a man's career we study how events and circumstances have acted on him; in the later part our attention is turned to the influence he himself has had upon affairs. This at least is the ordinary rule; and as Mr. Crabbe himself underwent no marked change or further development of character, and never mixed in any matters of external importance, it will be sufficient to sum up very briefly the remaining incidents of his life. In 1807 he published *The Parish Register*, the perusal of which in manuscript beguiled some of the last hours of Fox. In 1810 appeared *The Borough*, and in 1812 *The Tales in Verse*. After the death of his wife,—a loss he felt most acutely,—Mr. Crabbe moved, in 1814, from his rectory of Muston in Leicestershire to the living of Trowbridge in Wiltshire. Henceforward, after some thirty years of seclusion, he began again to mix somewhat in the world, visited London, and was caressed and feted by the literary world of Holland House. In 1819 appeared *The Tales of the Hall*; and he who had made his first efforts under the

auspices of Burke and Johnson, now re-appeared as a literary contemporary of Moore and Campbell. They and Mr. Rogers made much of the old gentleman. We have all seen such men of the past times, and know how they are received. The men respect them for past services, and yield them a cheerful half-ironic deference; the women adore them, especially if they wear that air of antiquated gallantry for which Mr. Crabbe was conspicuous. Those who gain a reflected importance from knowing them, worship them with unaffected zeal. Mr. Crabbe's shrewd sense, simplicity, and old-world courtesy left a pleasant impression wherever he went. He passed some agreeable time in London more than once, and extended his journeys as far as Edinburgh, where he received a cordial welcome from his warm and genuine admirer Sir Walter Scott.

Meanwhile his long and active life sloped gently to its setting. His two sons were both married and settled in the church; and the domestic affections, which were strong within him, found resources in their children and homes. His mind throughout life had been ceaselessly active: he scarcely knew such a thing as rest except in the form of change of employment. Not poetry alone, but various other forms of literary effort, had been made the subjects of his unremitting industry. Works on botany, novels, sermons, and theological works, had been written, and many of them unsparingly committed to the flames. His intellect continued bright and occupied to the last; and he left a volume of poems for posthumous publication, which, however, bears marked traces of the slackening influence of years. He died in the year 1832, at the age of seventy-eight; and deep and sincere was the mourning caused by his loss, not only among his own parishioners, but among all the inhabitants—Churchmen and Dissenters alike—of the town of Trowbridge. "Poor Mr. Crabbe," said a very juvenile female parishioner, "never go up with white head in pulpit any more." Never any more.

It is a common, almost a universal, idea, that a love of beauty is essential to the character of a poet. Some have even gone so far as to make this passion the basis of their theories of his art. It is obvious that a classification thus grounded goes far to exclude some branches which universally accepted language has always comprehended within the

name of poetry. It is difficult to see the beauty of satire and epigram; it is not very precise to ascribe that quality to wit or humor; yet no restrictions of the theorist can avail to put Butler, Dryden, and Pope out of the category of poets. Crabbe presents difficulties still greater to the prevalent ideas on this subject. His position is perhaps more anomalous than that of any other English poet; yet few, if any, will deny that he has an incontrovertible claim to the title. There is a sense in which he is the least poetical of poets; there is another in which he is one of the most so. He is the plainest of all poets,—deals the least in ornament. When he gives you a simile,—as he sometimes thinks it his duty to do,—he puts it in perspicuously, adds it ostentatiously, like a Quaker sticking a flower in his button-hole. To a great poet metaphor is a more refined language, through which alone he can express his deeper meanings and hint his more refined ones. But Crabbe has no profound ideas, and no subtle ones. The common language of common men is abundantly sufficient to express what he has to say; and it is rarely indeed that he travels beyond it. And yet he is a poet. He is a poet, moreover, without passion, and with only a steady tempered sympathy with the affections he displays and the characters he presents in his poems. He has none of that constructive genius which turns all the things it touches into harmonious wholes, and contrives to shed a grace of external form over the veriest trifles. He has no wit and no humor; and without all this he is a poet. He is the last man to make himself, and the display of his own character, life, or feelings, the source of interest to others. He gives no voice to our profounder thoughts; he neither interprets nature, nor reproduces her aspects of beauty with that richness of coloring which is the characteristic of modern poetry. He is much further from Tennyson, Wordsworth, Burns, Byron, and Keats, than any one of these poets is from another. In the plainness and commonplaceness of his ideas and language, in his absence of passion and profound insight, in his total disregard of beauty, Crabbe was no poet. Some will say nothing remains to make him one. We say, on the contrary, that he had in a high degree the one essential quality which all poets must have in common; and that those things in which we have marked him as deficient, im-

portant and valuable as they are, are the accidents, not the essentials, of poetry. He had imagination. That man is a poet (though there may be no limit to his poverty and triteness) who takes up into the receptive imagination any matter whatever, and reproduces it in language under any of those rhythmical conditions which are accepted as forms of verse. There is no limit to this definition. A train of argument is not poetry; and if there be such a thing as a man arriving at logical conclusions in rhyme, he is not making poetry. But a man who gives a metrical form to a conceived train of thought (as Dryden in the *Religio Laici*) is writing poetry; and he who describes in the barest words the very commonest object he has once seen and formed a concrete idea of, is an artist, and, if he uses verse, a poet; he is a poet, that is, by definition. To be a great poet, indeed to be a poet at all in the higher sense in which we usually employ the term, a man must have a creative imagination: he must be able to make some new thing out of those impressions which he has received,—to “body forth the shapes of things unseen,” and by the fire of his genius to fuse and transmute into new forms the results of his experience, his insight, and his intuition.

It is imagination that constitutes the poet; and one-half of imagination consists in the power to form vivid mental conceptions of the things which do exist; in the power of gathering in a harvest of one's own from the external world. It is the high, the almost unexampled, degree in which Crabbe possesses this power which gives him his place as a poet. He has little of the true creative power; he is only just removed from an actual transcriber; but he has a wealth of materials, a treasury of exact conceptions of existing things, which goes far to compensate a want of ingenuity in framing things new. We have spoken of the receptive imagination, and this adjective indicates the nature of the faculty in most minds; it is generally to a great extent passive, and partakes of the nature of a mirror in which the images of outer things are reflected. But in some men it is a more active and aggressive power; and this was particularly the case with Crabbe. His was a grasping, tenacious imagination. Little Hartley Coleridge would have called it a “catch-me-fast” faculty. He was a man of keen observation, but also something farther; he did more than see things;

he laid fast hold of them, and held them up, as it were, to himself for contemplation; cast a vivid light on them; and when he gave them forth again, he gave not the crude fact, but the impression he had taken of it. If he did not transmute experience into poetry, he yet did something more than simply translate it into verse.

He has not, indeed, that power which Giorgione among painters possesses in so high a degree, of making the image of an outward thing wear and express the mood of the artist's own mind; as where he steeps in sadness, and almost in despair, the picture of a man playing, and two women singing, seated on the grass. Such an artist is like one who moulds gold, and stamps his own image on it; but Crabbe uses, as it were, his own mind for the material, and stamps images of the external world on it. Every work of art is part gathered from the external world, part the artist's own. In the first case we have cited, the artist shows himself in the superscription he leaves on his material; in the latter, he shows himself in the sort of substance in which the work is done. And this comparison of Crabbe's productions to a piece of metal bearing a defined impress may serve to contrast him also with another class of poetical minds. Some imaginations are like a sheet of clear water, in whose bosom is reflected the landscape around it and the sky above. As the water itself is part of the scene, so the man's nature seems to mingle with and be part of all that he conceives; and all things around him lean over him, and leave their shapes mirrored within him with softened, wavering outlines, like the trees and towers in the lake, which partly seem watery images, and partly the water seems an inverted picture of the land. If the nature be deep and pure and broad enough, such an imagination is great indeed; but if it be easily ruffled or clouded or small, it reflects evanescent patches of truth and loveliness. Other minds,—and of such was Crabbe's,—have metal imaginations; the man himself takes hold of a thing as it were, and himself stamps it on the cold and hard but still receptive and tenacious material. The image remains, sharp, distinct, lasting; but rigid, colorless, and detached; and bearing with it in the very substance in which it is impressed an indissoluble and unmistakable evidence of the poet's own nature.

Crabbe has nothing of the fiery and alert

imagination. He cannot "turn and wind a fiery Pegasus;" but drives a steady, unwinged horse at an even trot from period to period. His genius is no swift, sparkling brook or broad shining river hastening through scenes of beauty to the sea; but is like the stream familiar to his childhood, rolling placidly and somewhat heavily along between its banks, laden with the common things appertaining to common men—hoys and brigantines and trading sloops.

Yet a strong imagination he undoubtedly had; and what seems singular in looking at his writings, a musing temperament and a retiring nature. In reading Crabbe, one would naturally draw the conclusion that he had studied men from very close acquaintance with individuals, and had consorted with them much and familiarly. It is clear, however, that this was by no means the case. It is clear that he was never much at home in the society of others,—even the poor of his own parish; that he loved best to be alone with his own pursuits. He observed men closely; but it was as an outside spectator. "The author-rector," says his son, "is in all points the similitude of Mr. Crabbe himself, except in the subject of his lucubrations."

"Then came the *author-rector*: his delight Was all in books; to read them, or to write: Women and men he strove alike to shun, And hurried homeward when his tasks were done:

Courteous enough, but careless what he said, For points of learning he reserved his head; And when addressing either poor or rich, He knew no better than his cassock which; He, like an osier, was of pliant kind, Erect by nature, but to bend inclined; Not like a creeper, falling to the ground, Or meanly catching on the neighbors around:—

Careless was he of surplice, hood, and band, And kindly took them as they came to hand; Nor, like the doctor, wore a world of hat, As if he sought for dignity in that; He talk'd, he gave, but not with cautious rules, Nor turned from gypsies, vagabonds, or fools. It was his nature, but they thought it whim, And so our beaux and beauties turned from him."

When he was a boy, he did not mingle in the sports and occupations of those of his own age, but neglected school and playground alike for occupations and pleasures which indicate very clearly the peculiar character of his genius. He lived a life of imagination as truly as any other young poet has done; but his was not an imagination which could feast

on its own dreams or soar unaided in the skies. It renewed its vigor by the touch of earth: it required a constant contact with reality, and sought an ever-fresh excitement in the transactions of men and the changes of nature.

"I sought the town, and to the ocean gave My mind and thoughts, as restless as the wave;

Where crowds assembled, I was sure to run, Heard what was said, and mused on what was done;

Attentive listening in the moving scene. And often wondering what men could mean. When ships at sea made signals of their need, I watched on shore the sailors, and their speed: Mix'd in their act, nor rested till I knew Why they were call'd, and what they were to do.

"Whatever business in the port was done, I, without call, was with the busy one; Not daring question, but with open ear And greedy spirit ever bent to hear.

"To me the wives of seamen loved to tell What storms endanger'd men esteemed so well;

What wondrous things in foreign parts they saw.

Land without bounds, and people without law.

No ships were wreck'd upon that fatal beach, But I could give the luckless tale of each; Eager I look'd, till I beheld a face Of one disposed to paint their dismal case; Who gave the sad survivor's doleful tale, From the first brushing of the mighty gale Until they struck; and suffering in their fate, I long'd the more they should its horrors state;

While some, the fond of pity, would enjoy The earnest sorrows of the feeling boy.

* * * * * I often rambled to the noisy quay, Strange sounds to hear, and business strange to me;

Seamen and carmen, and I know not who, A lewd, amphibious, rude, contentious crew— Confused as bees appear about their hive, Yet all alert to keep their work alive. Here unobserved, as weed upon the wave, My whole attention to the scene I gave; I saw their tasks, their toil, their care, their skill,

Led by their own and by a master-will; And though contending, toiling, tugging on, The purposed business of the day was done."

In the shop of the craftsman, by the inn fireside, with the shepherds on the heath, even at the smugglers' hut between the rocks, the observant, curious boy was to be found; and in lines more full of poetic feeling than are common in his writings, he describes his companionship with nature: though here too he does not leave without a witness, as in his

reference to the salt taste of the spray, his fondness for the recording of minute observations:—

"I loved to walk where none had walked before,
About the rocks that ran along the shore;
Or far beyond the sight of men to stray,
And take my pleasure when I lost my way;
For then 'twas mine to trace the hilly heath,
And all the mossy moor that lies beneath:
Here had I favorite stations, where I stood
And heard the murmurs of the ocean-flood,
With not a sound beside, except when flew
Aloft the lapwing or the gray curlew,
Who with wild notes my fancied power defied,
And mock'd the dreams of solitary pride.

"I loved to stop at every creek and bay
Made by the river in its winding way,
And call to memory—not by marks they bare,
But by the thoughts that were created there.

"Pleasant it was to view the sea-gulls strive
Against the storm, or in the ocean dive
With eager scream, or when they dropping
gave
Their closing wings to sail upon the wave:
Then, as the winds and waters raged around,
And breaking billows mix'd their deafening
sound,

They on the rolling deep securely hung,
And calmly rode the restless waves among.
Nor pleased it less around me to behold,
Far up the beach, the yesty sea-foam rolled;
Or, from the shore upborne, to see on high
Its frothy flakes in wild confusion fly:
While the salt spray that clashing billows
form,

Gave to the taste a feeling of the storm.

"Thus, with my favorite views, for many an
hour

Have I indulged the dreams of princely
power;

When the mind wearied by excursions bold,
The fancy jaded and the bosom cold,
Or when those wants that will on kings in-
trude,

Or evening-fears, broke in on solitude;
When I no more my fancy could employ,
I left in haste what I could not enjoy,
And was my gentle mother's welcome boy."

The fact is, the opportunities possessed by Crabbe for the study of life and character were, both from circumstance and temperament, much narrower than any one would conceive who judged from his writings. And thus he was in reality thrown more upon his imagination than we are apt to suppose. If he did not use it to create, he necessarily fell back upon it to piece out true conceptions from the hints which fell in his way. Like Professor Owen constructing a mastodon from a tooth, he employed himself in making out character from the casual traits which came under his notice. Invention in poetry is a

cooler word of our forefathers for what we call creation; but, used in its etymological sense, it would serve well to describe Crabbe's mode of working. Observation was his ruling passion, and he carried into poetry exactly the same habits and indulged the same tastes as in natural history. In both alike he was intolerant of system and careless of inductions. The *Vicar of The Tales of the Hall*, contradictory as the descriptions may seem in some respects, is no less like him than the Author-Rector of *The Parish Register*:—

"The Vicar's self, still further to describe,
Was of a simple but a studious tribe;
He from the world was distant, not retired,
Nor of it much possess'd nor much desired:
Grave in his purpose, cheerful in his eye,
And with a look of frank benignity.
He lost his wife when they together passed
Years of calm love, that triumph'd to the last.
He much of nature, not of man had seen,
Yet his remarks were often shrewd and keen;
Taught not by books t' approve or to condemn,
He gain'd but little that he knew from them;
He read with reverence and respect the few,
Whence he his rules and consolations drew;
But men and beasts, and all that lived or
moved,
Were books to him; he studied them and
loved.
He knew the plants in mountain, wood, or
mead;
He knew the worms that on the foliage feed;
Knew the small tribes that 'scape the careless
eye,
The plant's disease that breeds the embryo
fly;
And the small creatures who on bark or bough
Enjoy their changes, changed we know not
how;
But now th' imperfect being scarcely moves,
And now takes wings and seeks the sky it
loves.

"He had no system, and forebore to read
The learned labors of th' immortal Swede;
But smiled to hear the creatures he had known
So long were now in class and order shown,
Genus and species."

In one of his letters he describes and defends his immediate dependence upon the realities with which he came in contact:—

"Yes, I will tell you readily about my creatures, whom I endeavored to paint as nearly as I could and dared; for in some cases I dared not. This you will readily admit; besides, charity bade me be cautious. Thus far you are correct, there is not one of whom I had not in my mind the original; but I was obliged in some cases to take them from their real situations, in one or two instances to change even the sex, and in many the cir-

cumstances. The nearest to real life was the proud ostentatious man in *The Borough*, who disguises an ordinary mind by doing great things; but the others approach to reality at greater or less distances. Indeed, I do not know that I could paint merely from my own fancy; and there is no cause why we should. Is there not diversity sufficient in society? and who can go, even but a little, into the assemblies of our fellow-wanderers from the way of perfect rectitude, and not find characters so varied and so pointed that he need not call upon his imagination?"

The curious point is, as we have said, that these life-portraits were drawn, not from close association with the originals, but from very casual opportunities of knowledge; not from intercourse or any sort of sympathy, but from simply looking at them. "With men," he says, "I do not much associate; not as deserting, and much less disliking, the male part of society, but as being unfit for it; not hardy, nor grave, nor knowing enough, nor sufficiently acquainted with the every-day concerns of men." It is not exactly the idea one would form of Crabbe from his poetry, at least from a superficial perusal of it; but he was a soft-hearted old gentleman, and loved to be petted by ladies. "My beloved creatures," says he, meaning women, "have minds with which I can better assimilate."

It is with the poor, and those who constitute the lower half of the middle class, that Crabbe chiefly deals. He says truly that these possess in their conditions of life more room for vigorous individual growth, and are less compressed by conventional habits into set shapes, than any others; but there was, if not a better, a more practical, reason for his drawing from them. He had seen more of them, and therefore knew them better. With the exception of his brief stay in London and at Beaconsfield and Belvoir, he had, when he wrote, lived the life either of a country surgeon or a country clergyman, and had mingled little, if at all, in what the world calls society. Nor, if he had done so, was his a mind or an imagination to take cognizance of the finer *nuances* in which differences of character there display themselves. He could scarcely have studied men through their manners. He required marked differences, though they might be minute, showing themselves in marked characteristics, though they might not be obvious to a less close observer. It may even be said further that he lacked the power

to appreciate any very finished degree of culture or extended reach of intellect. He revered and admired Burke and Fox; but they made no deep and abiding impression on him. When Moore and Rogers, anxious to secure any recollections of Burke which could be gathered from contemporary sources, came to consult Crabbe as to the conversation of his great patron, he could tell them nothing. He absolutely seems never to have formed an idea of the sort of men they really were. But he could draw with an unerring pencil a Sir Denis Brand or an Isaac Ashford; he explored with wonderful accuracy the depths and shallows of minds, however singular, which were of a certain calibre only. His eyes were always directed on a level or downwards. Nothing escaped their keen and penetrating gaze but what was set too far above or beyond their scope. Within certain narrow limits of range he has displayed a greater faculty for marking and describing nice distinctions in human character than any poet since Shakspeare. But it is not to be supposed he resembles Shakspeare. On the contrary, he stands as far apart from him as it is possible to do; and this not only by the whole interval between richness and poverty of fancy, but by another characteristic, important indeed, but not very easy to describe. Shakspeare cannot touch a thread in the vast network of the universe, but the whole web seems to quiver under his hands and to vibrate in his imagination; some haunting image of the whole breaks through and shines in each particular fancy. What most distinguishes him from every other poet is his strange intimacy with all the various relations borne by the matter he is handling to all other things, and his power by some rapid side-glance of indicating these relations, however remote and subtle. It would need his own command of language to describe exactly what his power is. We must be content to feel it, and to say that it is as if he never detached a portion of the whole world of things, to deal with it; but only occupied a part of it, leaving all its connecting links and clues of association unsevered and even undisturbed: as if he played each play of his on some plot of forest ground marked out only by the surrounding trees, between which, and through shrub and quivering foliage, we glance along the shifting and interminable vistas which penetrate the unbounded woodland.

Crabbe is the reverse of all this. His genius works in things limited and disconnected. He cuts you off a piece of human nature, and holds it in his hand for you to look at. He builds up separate little brick cottages of mortal characteristics, and is glad when he can get them to stand in a row; then he makes a book of them. But his are no sham structures, no lath and plaster; all his bricks are moulded of real human clay, his timbers are taken from the events of real life; he bodies forth nothing but the shapes of things as they are. He is the antipodes of Shakspeare, because he is the plainest, the most detached, the most matter-of-fact of poets; but he is the antipodes of Byron, because he is the most truthful and the most conscientious of poets. Byron's imagination was like some great bright reflector, of shining but uneven surface, in which are shaped brilliant but distorted images; Crabbe's was like a little square, flat, Dutch glass, which reflects a small area, but that exactly.

Closely connected with this side of his genius is another of the main characteristics of his poetry—the way in which all the more fine threads of intellectual effort and moral character in men are ignored—the manner in which every thing is stripped of the atmosphere which surrounds it and unites it to other things, and exhibited square and naked, without the softened outline and the grace which particular things derive from the fineness of the shades with which they pass into something else. He has no eye for the aerial softness and blended coloring of nature. He describes with a hard, resolute pen, idealizing nothing; but, on the contrary, often omitting all that casts a veil over meanness and deformity. Yet it is a mistake to speak of Crabbe's pictures of life as gloomy; and Byron characterized him still less aptly when he styled him "nature's sternest painter." There is nothing stern either in his disposition or his writings. A quiet kindness prevails in both; he makes full, one might almost sometimes say undue, allowance for the frailties of human nature. He is neither exacting in his demands nor severe in his reprehensions. It is the very want of a high ideal and of the softening and refining influence of a lofty imagination which give to his poetry that distinguishing character which is in reality neither gloom nor sternness, but rudeness, if it is to be characterized in one word. He had

a mild disposition, but a certain harshness of mind. His pictures of nature are naked, and in the worse sense of nakedness. He had nothing of that eye by which the sculptor sees in the figure of man the suggestion of the Appollo Belvidere; he had not the power to pierce beyond the mixed deformities of human organization; he had not even a pleasure in studying its higher types. Had he been a sculptor, he would have modelled the ungainly ploughboy or the warped artisan, not the athlete or the hunter. The stamp of his birth and early education was effaced from his manners and his ordinary modes of thought, but was ineffaceably impressed in the deeper parts of his nature. There is a something in seaside-dwelling men, especially of towns and of our eastern coasts, as if the salt spray and heavy winds had helped to mould them; it is not so much native coarseness as a sort of weather-beaten cast. Such men are resolute, but stubborn; they are daring; with a sort of moody contempt of danger, which they neither love nor care to avoid; hard, self-dependent, intolerant of weakness,—men who are accustomed to contend with difficulties below themselves rather than to avail themselves of advantages to rise; they have a nature tenacious, claylike—like clay too in being at once common and valuable. Doubtless Crabbe was very different from such men; but, softened and refined as he was, something both of the rudeness and the strength of this salt Suffolk blood lay about the base of his character.

He handles life so as to take the bloom off it. His way of viewing things is one which recommends itself to many minds, and in some moods to us all. Sometimes we cannot take wings, and ascend to the higher truths of existence and the more essential and more refined aspects of things. We ask for the coarse, substantial certainties of common experience,—for sense, not only common sense but vulgar sense; we acknowledge our appetites,—bread, beef, and beer seem valuable; we lay hold of tangible, ponderable certainties; we look on the landscape with an eye to crops, the great sea as a place to fish in and wherein to float steamers, and "the glorious sun himself" seems made to shine in at window. Such thoughts and feelings are good for us at times; these sort of things are the rude foundation-stones of our lives, let them rise to whatever lofty purposes and spring with whatever beauty of carved arch and aspiring pin-

nacle into the heavens. It is steady and sobering to turn sometimes to them, though it would be debasing to live too much among them. And Crabbe, with all his excellencies, his genuine simplicity, his uncompromising moral tone, his kindliness, his manliness, cannot be said to be an elevating poet, or to exercise a refining influence. He paints correctly, but inadequately; as if one should copy the *Venus de' Medici* with exactness, but in sandstone. Hence that disenchanting air which hangs over his works. He rises above it sometimes; but it is the prevailing tone, and as such, has universally made itself felt. The swift aspirations, the winged hopes, the impassioned affections of men, the mystery of life, the problem of death,—you must not look to see these things touched upon; but instead of it an unshrinking hand laid on all that lies bare to our sight, and a calm, unharassed contentment to abide in the common and obvious conditions of human life. In his preaching as in his verse he was fond of what was tangible, plain, and practical. He was a tolerant man; but the thing he had least tolerance for was enthusiasm, and the fervor of the Methodists and their sudden conversions were just the things to annoy him,—he wrote and preached against them with vehemence. On the other hand, he himself,—and it is significant of the state of the church in this day,—earned the appellation of a “Gospel preacher,” implying that he was a little overstrained in his notions; and this because he had some conviction of the intrinsic importance of religion, and preached a doctrine of future rewards and punishments, instead of simply drawing attention to the worldly advantages which follow in the train of prudent and not overstrained virtue.

He was a man rather of affectionate nature than of deep feelings, and it is very rarely that he ventures on the delineation of strong passion or uncontrolled emotion. He may describe the consequences of such things; but he nowhere, so far as we can remember, gives them a direct voice. “Sir Eustace Grey,” indeed, contains a forcible picture of terrors; but it is an enumeration of past terrors, nor can we acquiesce in the place Gifford assigns it. Like every thing of Crabbe's, it is too defined, too explicit and limited. But the essence of terror lies in dim imaginations, in appeals to an unascertained capacity of suffering, in the stirring of dread and un-

comprehended possibilities of pain. When we can gaze on the worst forms of anguish in the face, they lose much of their power of exciting terror. Sir Eustace catalogues the miseries of his madness and despair, and details the tortures inflicted on him by the fiends:—

“Those fiends upon a shaking fen
Fix'd me, in dark, tempestuous night
There never trod the foot of men,
There flock'd the fowl in wintry flight;
There danced the moor's deceitful light
Above the pool where sedges grow;
And when the morning-sun shone bright,
It shone upon a field of snow.

“They hung me on a bough so small,
The rook could build her nest no higher;
They fix'd me on the trembling ball
That crowns the steeple's quivering spire;
They set me where the seas retire,
But down with their returning tide;
And made me flee the mountain's fire,
When rolling from its burning side.

“I've hung upon the ridgy steep
Of cliffs, and held the rambling brier;
I've plunged below the billowy deep,
Where air was sent me to respire;
I've been where hungry wolves retire;
And (to complete my woes) I've ran
Where Bedlam's crazy crew conspire
Against the life of reasoning man.”

This is forcible and frightful; but it does not shake the spirit and make quail the heart, like some parts of De Quincey's description of the “*Mater Tenebrarum*.” The only passion which Crabbe really moves deeply is the one to which he was himself most accessible, that of pity. A sort of quiet compassion is the mood in which he contemplates the sorrows and troubles of mortality; and he excites the same feeling in his readers, not by any direct appeal, but by the tenor of his narrative and the contagious influence of his own temper. The description in “*Resentment*” of the abject wretchedness of the broken merchant contrasted with the unfeeling rigor of his prosperous wife, and especially those last lines in which the soft-hearted maid-servant has no eyes for the faults of her mistress in her remorse for the slowness of her own compassion, afford perhaps the best instance of his power in this direction.

It is curious that, with so sound a mind of his own, Crabbe loves to speak of and describe a disordered intellect; and it is a proof of his penetration, that he traces the disordering influence of sin on the mind, and is not content with telling us how it affects the feelings only.

In this direction he shows more insight than in any other; and "Edward Shore" and "Peter Grimes" will always rank among his master-pieces. The former is a narrative the more striking perhaps from the unexaggerated diction in which it is clothed, and the homely simplicity of the reflections which accompany it. It shows how genius, grace, proud thoughts, and aspiring hopes to live true to a high ideal, may be no charm to secure their owner from the depths of human degradation, if they be but the furnishings of a self-centred heart and want the basis of pure principle to sustain them. It is useless to attempt to epitomize Crabbe's poems, and few can be ignorant of that remarkable history of genius and ambition traced through their alliance with unfenced passion and indulged pride to their setting in idiocy. It is in describing an unsettled brain that Crabbe most often rises above the level of his ordinary strain, not only in his matter but in his utterance:—

"That gentle maid, whom once the youth had loved,

Is now with mild religious pity moved;
Kindly she chides his boyish flights, while he
Will for a moment fixed and pensive be;
And as she trembling speaks, his lively eyes
Explore her looks, he listens to her sighs;
Charm'd by her voice, th' harmonious sounds
invade

His clouded mind, and for a time persuade:
Like a pleased infant, who has newly caught
From the maternal glance a gleam of thought,
He stands enrapt the half-known voice to hear,

And starts, half-conscious, at the falling tear.

"Rarely from town, nor then unwatch'd, he goes,

In darker mood, as if to hide his woes;
Returning soon, he with impatience seeks
His youthful friends, and shouts, and sings,
and speaks;

Speaks a wild speech with action all as wild—
The children's leader, and himself a child;
He spins their top, or at their bidding bends
His back, while o'er it leap his laughing
friends;

Simple and weak, he acts the boy once more,
And heedless children call him *Silly Shore*."

The story of "the Parish Clerk," long proud in his integrity, and boastful of his superiority to the weaknesses of those around him, betrayed into a system of pilfering the church offerings, and convicted at the altar before the whole congregation, is another instance of the same kind; and the description of the effect upon the man furnishes one of the finest examples of Crabbe's poetical

capacity, and of the power of his unadorned but vigorous imagination:—

"He lived in freedom, but he hourly saw
How much more fatal justice is than law;
He saw another in his office reign,
And his mild master treat him with disdain:
He saw that all men shunn'd him, some re-
viled,

The harsh pass'd frowning, and the simple
smiled;

The town maintain'd him, but with some
reproof,

'And clerks and scholars proudly kept aloof.'
In each lone place, dejected and dismay'd,
Shrinking from view, his wasting form he
laid;

Or to the restless sea and roaring wind
Gave the strong yearnings of a ruin'd mind:
On the broad beach, the silent summer-day,
Stretch'd on some wreck, he wore his life
away;

Or where the river mingles with the sea,
Or on the mud-bank by the elder-tree,
Or by the bounding marsh-dike, there was he:
And when unable to forsake the town,

In the blind courts he sat desponding down—
Always alone; then feebly would he crawl
The church-way walk, and lean upon the wall.
Too ill for this, he lay beside the door,

Compell'd to hear the reasoning of the poor:
He look'd so pale, so weak, the pitying crowd
Their firm belief of his repentance vow'd;
They saw him then so ghastly and so thin,
That they exclaim'd, 'Is this the work of
sin?

'Yes,' in his better moments he replied,
'Of sinful avarice and the spirit's pride.
While yet untempted, I was safe and well;
Temptation came; I reason'd, and I fell:

To be man's guide and glory I design'd—
A rare example for our sinful kind;
But now my weakness and my guilt I see,
And am a warning—man, be warn'd by me:
He said, and saw no more the human face;
To a lone loft he went, his dying place,
And, as the vicar of his state inquired,
Turn'd to the wall and silently expired."

"Peter Grimes" portrays the influence of a savage sort of remorse on a coarse and brutal nature. It is powerful but rude drawing, and a far more vivid and terror-inspiring picture of raving alienation of intellect than that contained in "Sir Eustace Grey." The image of the depraved and sullen criminal floating in his boat along some solitary reach of the stagnant river, and gazing on the water until the shapes of those he has murdered rise to taunt him with his sin, is oppressive in its vividness and in the unsparing fidelity with which all the sad and foul aspects of the scene are catalogued, as if all the nature about him were in harmony with the callous heart of the sufferer.

Crabbe's writings cannot be said to be distinguished either by wit or humor. He sees the comic aspect of a matter sometimes, and reports it in a matter-of-fact deliberate way that has a pleasant air of quaintness, such as distinguishes "the Frank Courtship;" but there is nothing in his writings to laugh at. His bent is in another direction—to moralize; and it may be said that all of his poetry which does not consist in direct scrutiny of men themselves, is made up of observations on the moral phenomena resulting from their characters and actions. And here the same mind shows itself as elsewhere: you are not to expect what is subtle or profound, but what is sensible, keen, direct, and sagacious. Here, as elsewhere, he displays great acuteness, and little delicacy of perception. His remarks are all detached, and made without any view to general deductions. He collected the materials for his poetry in just the same way as he collected his facts in science; and both in poetry and science he showed himself absolutely destitute of the philosophic spirit. What he called botany, was gathering plants and knowing their names; entomology was collecting specimens of insects without even arranging them. He was satisfied with single links of knowledge, and never cared to discover how they made parts of a chain. He never reasons. He says many shrewd things, and some things, occasionally wise things, about human life, especially its moral conditions; but they are always things he has seen and noted, never conclusions he has deduced. Reading him is like going into a museum; you are introduced to a collection of human traits and experiences. He absolutely adds not so much to your knowledge of human nature as to your opportunities of studying it. He supplies you with new information; but, just as is the case in a museum, the pleasure and advantage are limited. Once become sufficiently familiar with Crabbe to know what he has written, and there is nothing more to be gained from him. It is all patent. A man may read *Lear* ten, twenty, and a hundred times; and if his mind be awake, he will every time find something fresh, something he did not before know was there said, or implied, or hinted at. No man has a right to say he knows a single speech written by Shakspeare until he has learned it by heart, and thought on it night and morning. A man may read a page of Wordsworth, and think it common-

place; but, musing on it quietly and long, he will find a depth beneath its apparent platitude, and a harmony under its seeming ungainliness, which will find him food for his deepest meditations, and which daily converts sceptics of his genius into worshippers, the more inclined to blindness because they seem to work with the poet to their results. But Crabbe—you may read him twice; but you must be gifted with a short memory to enjoy him after this, except in some isolated passages which rise above his ordinary strain. "The Convert" is a clear piece of drawing; but one does not recur to the moral again and again:

"Unhappy Dighton! had he found a friend,
When conscience told him it was time to mend,—
A friend discreet, considerate, kind, sincere,
Who would have shown the grounds of hope and fear,
And proved that spirits, whether high or low,
No certain tokens of man's safety show;
Had reason ruled him in her proper place,
And virtue led him while he lean'd on grace;
Had he while zealous been discreet and pure,
His knowledge humble, and his hope secure;—
These guides had placed him on the solid rock,
Where faith had rested, nor received a shock:
But his, alas! was placed upon the sand,
Where long it stood not, and where none can stand."

We are afraid Mr. Crabbe preached like that. Irreproachable sermonizing, "sound," and so forth; but rather in what has irreverently been called the "chopped-hay" school, and at any rate, not good poetry. This sort of commonplace is, no doubt, interspersed with shrewd, telling observations; still, they are of the kind which bear their full meaning on the surface. You are not drawn into deeper thought; but, on the other hand, as we have said, you often positively add to your knowledge about the habits of human beings. It is a sort of moral "animated nature." Thus:—

"The boy indeed was at the grandam's side
Humor'd and train'd, her trouble and her pride:
Companions dear, with speech and spirits mild,
The childish widow and the vaporish child;
This nature prompts; minds uninform'd and weak
In such alliance ease and comfort seek;
Push'd by the levity of youth aside,
The cares of man, his humor, or his pride,
They feel, in their defenceless state, allied:
The child is pleas'd to meet regard from age,
The old are pleas'd ev'n children to engage;

And all their wisdom, scorn'd by proud man-kind,
They love to pour into the ductile mind;
By its own weakness into error led,
And by fond age with prejudices fed."

For details he had a sort of passion, and his interest in them was proportioned to their smallness. Of all observers he is the minutest. In the world of natural history, of whose study, in a certain way, he was no mean proficient, he was always occupied in finding out and studying the small and insignificant tribes. Beauty invited him not the least. Among plants he studied grasses and lichens, or the least marked of the roadside flowers; not, apparently, interested in plants like the cryptogams or others which might be supposed to invite by the singularity of their modes of growth, but attracted absolutely by insignificance and vulgarity. He loved weeds for their own sake. In zoölogy he took to entomology, and hunted down small beetles and flies. In his writings the same spirit is observable. He found no subject too insignificant to be dwelt on, no trait too minute to be recorded. Hence a certain air of narrowness and pettiness distinguishes his writings. And he was moreover very insensible to the claims of proportion, and showed no skill in adjusting the detail of his treatment to the claims of the several parts of his stories. His son has some very just observations on this aspect of his mind:—

"In fact," he says, "he neither loved order for its own sake, nor had any very high opinion of that passion in others; witness his words in the tale of Stephen Jones, the 'Learned Boy':—

'The love of order—I the thing receive
From reverend men, and I in part believe—
Shows a clear mind and clean; and whoso
needs

This love, but seldom in the world succeeds.
Still has the love of order found a place
With all that's low, degrading, mean, and
base;

With all that merits scorn, and all that meets
disgrace.

In the cold miser of all change afraid,
In pompous men in public seats obey'd,
In humble placemen, heralds, solemn drones,
Fanciers of flowers, and lads like Stephen
Jones;

Order to these is armor and defence,
And love of method serves for lack of sense.'

Whatever truth there may be in these lines, it is certain that this insensibility to the beauty of order was a defect in his own mind, arising from what I must call his want of

taste. There are, no doubt, very beautiful detached passages in his writings,—passages apparently full of this very quality. It is not, however, in detached parts of a poem that the criterion of this principle properly lies, but in the conduct of the whole; in the selection of the subject and its amplifications; in the relative disposition and comparative prominence of the parts, and in the contrasts afforded by bearing lightly or heavily on the pencil. In these things Mr. Crabbe is generally admitted to be not a little deficient; and what can demonstrate the high rank of his other qualifications better than the fact, that he could acquire such a reputation in spite of so serious a disadvantage? This view of his mind, I must add, is confirmed by his remarkable indifference to almost all the proper objects of taste. He had no real love for painting or music or architecture or for what a painter's eyes considers as the beauties of landscape. But he had a passion for science,—the science of the human mind, first; then, that of nature in general; and lastly, that of abstract quantities."

By "science" as here used must be understood knowledge of facts; for Mr. Crabbe, as we have said, had not the least taste for the investigation of laws. In corroboration of his indifference to the charms of external nature, may be cited a saying of his own, that he loved better to walk in the streets and observe the faces of the passers-by than to gaze on the finest natural scene.

The style of Crabbe is not less characteristic than his matter. It is not, however, so purely his own; and though he makes it the faithful instrument of his purposes, it always bears the traces of the model on which it was formed. Horace Smith called him "Pope in worsted stockings." It would have been more to the purpose to say he was a new poet in Pope's stockings; for the likeness is in the superfluities, and the contrast is in the substance. Crabbe formed himself on Pope's style, deliberately studied his mode of expression, and sought to catch his pointed way of putting things, in which, and not in the flow of his verse, lies the characteristic excellence of Pope's style. And Crabbe did attain this excellence to a certain extent. The points are much blunter, the polish is vastly inferior; but there is the same effort to afford a share of emphasis to every sentence, to give a sharp, decisive accent of meaning to correspond with the marked accent of the verse; and a considerable degree of success attends the

effort. It was an excellent school for Crabbe to be exercised in; his natural bent was to be dull, minute, and prolix. The study of Pope made him look out for rest at brief intervals, for contrast and relief. If we read some of his prefaces, we shall see what he might have been in verse had he not contended against his native propensities. He emancipated himself from being a prosier. Poets, even good poets, have not always done this. Rogers is a refined prosier; Wordsworth is a profound, a sagacious, a harmonious, and a most interminable prosier. But, in substance, Crabbe differs widely from Pope. Pope is always employed in giving a specific shape to generalities; Crabbe is occupied with things as they are. Pope, except when personal, was always working out results and deductions, making up thoughts and giving them a taking form; Crabbe never wished to do more than describe graphically and agreeably (according to his notions of the agreeable in verse) what things he had seen and known. Pope's business, as he himself says, was to find rhymes for sense; Crabbe's was, to find rhymes for facts. Pope studied society, manners, and man; Crabbe studied social life, moral habits, and men. If he ever imitated Pope's matter, it was only in his very early poems; and even his style lost its influence over his later poems, and very much to their disadvantage. He is not a master of expression. His language is the very reverse of suggestive. It is so bald and dry, that the reader must furnish all accessories from his own imagination. He must give color and shading to the thought, he must improve the hint, and clothe the naked idea. Crabbe writes like one who draws outlines with a hard pencil; and he who reads must employ a vivid fancy to fill them up. Moreover he has none of that power by which a great poet gathers up and compresses the details of his subject within the limits of the briefest general description. He is not a pregnant writer; what he has to say, he says *in extenso*; and though he is often curt, it is only as a way of filling up interstices and introducing or connecting pieces of prolix detail. Yet it is wonderful how much he contrives by this process to get into a small compass. This is particularly the case in his portrait-painting. He packs a complete and characteristic picture in a very small space, and after a peculiar fashion. He does not, like Ben Jonson, and

sometimes Dickens, take a distinguishing humor or trait, or a set of these, and call them a man: his people are real living people; mere sketches often, no doubt, but exact, defined, and likenesses. Though he may imitate Pope in his style, he has none of his epigrammatic way of pinning a character down by a single prominent trait; none of Wordsworth's habit of slowly winding it off as if it were a hank of cotton, and his poem a reel to wind it on. He sets to work in a way of his own, giving a brief, forcible, general description, and illustrating it by some dramatic speech or minor piece of description at full length. His pictures are like one of Grüner's plates of a painted ceiling, the whole drawn in outline and a corner filled up in colors. It is true, his early attempts savor more of direct and elaborate description both of things and persons, and that, where the subject suits him, he has few rivals in the skill with which he selects distinguishing points, or the aptness with which he conveys their effect through the medium of language. But when he is at his best, as in *The Tales*, the dramatic element holds a considerable space in his delineation of persons, and the peculiar style we have mentioned is seen in its perfection; fading down in *The Tales of the Hall* into something too much of prolixity and mere conversation in verse.

Our limits afford no space for a detailed survey of his various writings. It was not until he discovered that his strength lay in the minute illustration of human character that he really enrolled himself among English poets. In his early poems, often even in *The Borough*, he shows too clearly that he is hunting about for matter for his rhymes, and making prize of every idea he can lay his hands on. As long as he is occupied with general ideas and thoughts, Crabbe is insufferably commonplace and dull. For one sound and novel aphorism, brightly and aptly expressed,—the sort of thing with which Pope's pages teem,—his imitator (for when thus employed Crabbe is a direct imitator of Pope) gives us a hundred heavy disconnected sentences, which prance awkwardly up and down the verse like a cart-horse cantering after a thorough-bred. Thus, to quote the first specimen that offers:—

"Law was design'd to keep a state in peace;
To punish robbery; that wrong might cease;
To be impregnable; a constant fort,
To which the weak and injured might resort.

But these perverted minds its force employ,
Not to protect mankind, but to annoy;
And long as ammunition can be found,
Its lightning flashes and its thunders sound.
Or law with lawyers is an ample still,
'Wrought by the passions' heat with chymic
skill;

While the fire burns, the gains are quickly
made,

And freely flow the profits of the trade;
Nay, when the fierceness fails, these artists
blow

The dying fire, and make the embers glow,
As long as they can make the smaller profits
flow;

At length the process of itself will stop,
When they perceive they've drawn out every
drop.

Yet, I repeat, there are who nobly strive
To keep the sense of moral worth alive;
Men who would starve, ere meanly deign to
live

On what deception and chicanery give:
And these at length succeed; they have their
strife,

Their apprehensions, stops, and rubs in life;
But honor, application, care, and skill,
Shall bend opposing fortune to their will."

The Library is pompons, pointless, and commonplace; and the only thing that men have found with remembrance in it is the description of the binding of old folios. Once or twice only in the whole course of it is to be found some stray couplet which points in the direction of the author's real insight; such lines, for instance, as

"For transient vice bequeaths a lingering pain,
Which transient virtue strives to heal in vain."

However unadorned in statement, such a dictum indicates much of observation and something of wisdom in the writer.

The Newspaper is full of platitudes and pumped-up thought. It is a satire unrecommended by the force and brilliancy which alone can make satire enduring. The minor poems are simply unreadable. *The Library*, indeed, was published under the auspices of Burke; but if upon this poem alone he had formed his estimate of the author's genius, one would have said either that he had a very low idea of the requisites of poetry, or an almost supernatural insight into the germs of future success which lay hidden in the poem in question. But it seems it was on some very different lines, in *The Village*, that Burke rested his high opinion of the powers of his young client. They are lines which amply justify the prophecy of success; and, indeed, *The Village* stands quite alone among Crabbe's earlier writings. In it he spoke straight from

his own personal convictions, he described directly what he had seen and known. The complexion of it differs from that of his other poems. It alone of his writings may with some degree of justice be called stern and gloomy. The struggle and the painful experience through which he was himself passing colored the medium through which he looked. His picture of the life and sufferings of the poor in this poem leaves an indelible impression on the mind of every reader. It is not only that it is uncompromising, that it tears off and scornfully casts aside the old stage-costume of Corydon and Phyllis; but that it keeps aloof from all the sources of comfort and consolation, the common assurances which are not denied even to the lowest aspects of human life, and builds in its forcible lines so sad a picture of unrequited and incessant toil, deserted old age, and miserable death, as none can look at without a shudder. And when, in the second part, he turns professedly to contemplate the "Gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose,"

the subject leads him instantly to the vices which form or accompany the amusements of the poor, and he immediately becomes absorbed in this, to him, more attractive subject. For force, aptness of language, fervor, and directness, the first part of *The Village* stands unapproached among Crabbe's early poems.

The Borough, with many parts and detached passages of first-class excellence, is a very unequal performance; and it is not until the first series of *The Tales* that Crabbe's genius displays itself in its full power, and maintains a sustained and unwavering flight. It is on *The Village*, on detached parts of *The Borough*, and on *The Tales* (the second series of which is less fresh, graphic, and pointed than the first), that the permanent reputation of Crabbe rests. The posthumous poems cannot be said to be destitute of his peculiar merits; but they must be confessed, on the other hand, to be very unworthy of what had preceded them.

The common feature throughout all his works which gives this author his hold upon his readers is his singular insight into the minute working of character, his wondrous familiarity with so vast a number of various dispositions, and the unerring fidelity with which he traces their operations and discerns

their attitudes under every sort of circumstance. It would be difficult in the whole range of literature to point to more than two or three who have rivalled him in this respect. Chaucer is one; and a curious and not uninteresting comparison might be instituted between the two, though the old poet far surpasses the modern one in love of beauty, liveliness of fancy, and breadth of genius. Crabbe knew where his own strength lay, and in some lines in *The Borough* has aptly described both the bent and the animus of his poetic powers:—

"For this the poet looks the world around,
Where form and life and reasoning man are found;
He loves the mind, in all its modes, to trace;
And all the manners of the changing race;
Silent he walks the road of life along,
And views the aims of its tumultuous throng;
He finds what shapes the Proteus-passions take,
And what strange waste of life and joy they make,

And loves to show them in their varied ways,
With honest blame or with unflattering praise:
'Tis good to know, 'tis pleasant to impart,
These turns and movements of the human heart;

The stronger features of the soul to paint,
And make distinct the latent and the faint:
MAN AS HE IS to place in all men's view,
Yet none with rancor, none with scorn pursue:

Nor be it ever of my portraits told—
'Here the strong lines of malice we behold.'

One great source of his strength is, that he dared to be true to himself, and to work with unhesitating confidence his own peculiar vein. This originality is not only great, but always genuine. A never-failing charm lies in the clear simplicity and truthfulness of nature which shines through all his writings. Nothing false or meretricious ever came from his pen; and if his works want order and beauty, neither they nor his life are destitute of the higher harmony which springs from a character naturally single and undeteriorated by false aims and broken purposes.

THE FRENCH BISHOP TORTURED TO DEATH IN TONQUIN.—The Hongkong Register gives a horrible account of the torture and execution of Monseigneur Melchoir on the 8th of July, on the false charge that he had been an instigator of insurrection. His two servants were also executed. After that the executioners stretched a mat on the ground, placed a small carpet upon it, broke the chain which was round the neck of His Eminence, and made him lie down on his back upon the matting. The Bishop wore at this time nothing but a pair of trousers turned up to the thighs. The victim being thus placed, the executioner took two stakes, which he fixed in the ground on each side of him, and to which his hands were tightly bound by cords, causing great pain. Two others were then placed under his armpits, and crossed over the chest of the Bishop so as to press it tightly. Two other posts were then set up a short distance from his foot. The cords with which the feet were bound were passed round these posts and stretched violently, the feet being then pegged down; the loins were similarly secured. It would be difficult to conceive the tortures of the venerable prelate thus bound and racked. An order was then issued first to cut off the feet, then the hands, afterwards the head of the martyr, and lastly to eviscerate him. At this order five executioners

commenced their frightful duty. They were armed with a kind of bill-hook or hatchet, purposely blunted in order to inflict greater suffering. They commenced by cutting off the legs above the knees, each limb receiving about twelve blows before it was severed. The same process was repeated with the arms. But the power of speech now failed the happy martyr, who, so long as strength remained, had not ceased to call on the name of Jesus. His head was then struck off, after repeated blows, and lastly his body was opened and his entrails drawn out with a hook. Such is the exact account of the death and torture of Monseigneur Melchoir, near the very spot which had been consecrated two years earlier by the martyrdom of his predecessor. Immediately after the execution, the different parts of the body were wrapped up in the mat and thrown into a pit dug for the purpose. The Tonquinese wished to make the elephants pass over the spot, so as to trample under foot the grave of the venerable confessor of our faith, but these animals, less savage, and we may almost say more humane, than their masters, obstinately refused to do so, as if they would not profane the relics of the noble martyr. Bishop Melchoir's head was exposed for some days on the southern gate of Nan-dinh, and then broken to pieces and thrown into the sea.

From The National Magazine.

THE TEMPLE LANE TRAGEDY.

PART I.

It was in the month of May, 185—.

It was early in the morning. That is to say, it was morning more agreeably to convention than according to fact. It was morning by the clock, for St. Dunstan's had just tolled out the hour of two; but it was still night to all real intents and purposes, for it wanted a long while yet to daybreak, and no midnight could have been duller or denser on blacker. The rain was coming down heavily in those long, liquid streaks which preserve their form, and can be traced out from among their brother lines of water like cords in a net, falling on the stones each with a noisy, individual plash, quite bewildering when echoed and imitated on all sides by similar sounds. The pavement was dazzling in its brightness, it was so uncommonly wet, and gave such multiplied reflections of the gas-lamps. Many a *bourgeois* Dives, aroused in his first sleep by the steady pattering upon his window-sill, turned in his eider-down swaddling with a murmured—"What beautiful rain! How it will bring on the peas!" Many a vagrant Lazarus crouched nearer to his canine friends for warmth and dryness, not thinking about peas,—and by no means blessing the rain.

It was not from mere hazard, or that it was a good name, that I have made mention of the church of St. Dunstan. The scene is at the end of Chancery Lane; and a gentleman without an umbrella, and very wet, was to have been seen on the May morning under mention crossing over Fleet Street obliquely towards the gate leading into the Middle Temple. The reader acquainted with the topography of the neighborhood will at once perceive that St. Dunstan's was the nearest church-clock, and therefore the most likely to be heard to strike by the gentleman crossing Fleet Street. St. Duncan's struck two, then. The gentleman crossed the road, and sounded the knocker of the gates leading into the Temple. The wicket-door opened—by invisible agency, it would seem, to any who did not know that the shapeless heap of woollen wrappers behind was, in fact, so far a portion of humanity as what is called a night-porter can ever aspire to. The door opened. No questions were asked. Perhaps the knock was of a familiar sound; or perhaps it was no odds to

the porter who wanted admission. The gentleman entered, and passed on his way down Temple Lane. The gentleman was, bodily, very wet; mentally, he appeared to be more comfortable. He was walking, not hurriedly; and as he walked he sang with considerable fluency, and what musical critics call *aplomb*,—he sang Mozart's *La ci darem*.

Now, if the reader has perception—and of course the reader has, almost invariably—he will rapidly explain to himself how it was the air in question was performed successfully under such depressing circumstances. But first let me dispense with the anonymous character I have started with, which is only leading me into tautological embarrassments, and at once declare that the gentleman on his way down Temple Lane, singing *La ci darem*, is John Royston, Esq., more familiarly known as Jack Royston, who is journeying to his dwelling up three pair of stairs in Rowden Buildings, which, as every one knows, are nearly at the end of Temple Lane, and abut on to the river. And now the reader can go on to explain to himself that *La ci darem* is a duet for soprano and barytone, and that for an individual barytone to be singing it as a solo, joyously, wet through the while, at two o'clock in the morning, in Temple Lane, must be because his imagination has supplied the voice of the soprano required for the accurate performance of the music; and because of that singer conjured up by his imagination, he entertains views of a favorable and flattering character.

"Ah!" said Mr. Royston, cutting short his vocalization in the middle of a bar,—*"Ah! Bella Brownsmith is a stunner, by Jove!"*

He was fond of that mythological adjuration, and often flavored his conversation with it. Certainly it had the advantage of being classical, and of all the respectability that age could give it, being one of the oldest oaths to be found in the books of the recording angel.

"By Jove, she is a stunner! Dear Bella! Bella mia! I wish she were.—Why not? Shouldn't wonder if old Brownsmith were to cut up well. I should say he was warm. That style of man don't stop thirty years in the Red Ink Office and save nothing. She's a clipping soprano voice. Canter says it's only a mezzo: I know better. Why she can touch A without raising her eyebrows. How good she is in *Tacea la notte!* Those are jolly little musical réunions, by Jove! They should get a better bass than Canter, though.

He don't sound bad in a chorus, but he *will* do a solo; and his *Pro peccatis!*—awful, by Jove!—*La ci darem*—and he went on singing.

It may, perhaps, prevent any mistake, if I state at once that Mr. Royston was not a vocalist by profession. According to the Law List, he was a barrister of some three years standing, otherwise it would be rather difficult to define what he was. He had been called, and possessed a wig and a gown, and so far he was a barrister; on the other hand, he had no business, nor did he lay himself out to secure any. That he occasionally visited the Bank of England, and that for a few days afterwards he was a little flush of money, and there was joy amongst his tradesmen; that he played the key-bugle, and read novels in the French tongue; that he had been seen coming out of newspaper-offices in the Strand, and occasionally had his pockets burdened with proofs; that he had been known to do some translations for the book-trade, could sing light barytone songs, was well up in the news of the hour, and had written verses that were poetry—almost, was about all society knew, and all it cared to know. For he was good-looking, wore good clothes, had whiskers of an aristocratic calibre, and his ostensible profession was that of a gentleman. What more was required to be known? There's many a man journeying in the social world who cannot give one-half so reputable an account of himself. And so Jack's passport was universally *visé*, and smilingly returned to him, and he was asked here, there, and everywhere,—and he generally went; and he could find a knife and fork at a good many tables, and might continue to do so, no doubt, so long as he could supply himself with white handkerchiefs and gloves, dress-coat and lacquered boots, and maintain the appearance of not in the least wanting a dinner, or indeed any thing else, of anybody. I am afraid it has always been like this; and, to go back once more to the parable, I dare say Lazarus might have had a dinner now and then—even with the rich man—if he had not been so desperately hungry and poverty-stricken altogether. It would be so shocking, says Society, to sit down to a dinner with a starving man! So shocking! wouldn't it now? And so only the full-bellied get invitations.

"Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Job."

This interchange of salutations, in which both stuck to fact and ignored the clock, took place between Mr. Royston, whom we have been keeping in Temple Lane all this while, in the wet, too, and another huddle of wrappers, containing another porter, crouched in the archway leading up to Pump Court.

"Very wet, sir."

"Very, by Jove!"

And Mr. Royston was nearing the outer door of his dwelling, and not without joy. In fact, he must have been possessed of wonderful spirits to have kept up so gleefully as he had, considering how wet he was,—how he was altogether limp, and crumpled, and dripping. Yet he was still occupied with Mozart's air, although he only hummed it now. Job's abrupt good-night had snapped off his less subdued vocalization; but he hummed it nevertheless. In fact, as he himself phrased it, in explanation of his exuberant good temper, in that disguised language in which he and others delight sometimes to envelope their meanings he felt that night "no end of spoons on Bella Brownsmith!"

How he came to know the Brownsmiths nobody exactly knew. Somehow music had been a mutual magnet. Miss Brownsmith found Jack's light barytone, as she said, such a great assistance in duet-singing; and Jack found Bella, as he said, such a stunner to sing with. And so they did the duet in *Semiramide*, and the duet in *Lucia*, and the duet in the *Favorita*, and, in short, any duet for soprano and barytone that they could get hold of; and had practising evenings and performing evenings, and so on, until Jack became an habitual and recognized visitor at Mr. Brownsmith's house in Brunswick Square. It was from an evening devoted to musical entertainment that he was returning on the morning I have introduced him, in a very wet state, to the reader.

Temple Lane looked grim and weird enough as Jack passed down it towards Rowden Buildings. The rain streamed down the tall, gaunt houses, and rattled along the gutters hurriedly, for the road slopes down towards the river, and stood in vaporous beads upon the glass panes of the gas-lamps, dimming them as tears dim bright eyes. And the trees in the smaller Temple Gardens could be heard to rustle and shiver, and desperately clash their bare, wet boughs together, as though they, too, had had quite enough of the rain.

And no lights gleamed in the windows, and no sounds of humanity could be traced, save the echo of Mr. Royston's own footfalls, as they sounded slushily on the wet pavement. Even Job's sepulchral good-night had about it, by contrast, something genial and refreshing, as the words rung out in the stillness, and lingered in the moist air. The silhouette of the old Hall stood dense and impenetrable, and made the black sky less black by comparison. All was cheerless enough; but use, perhaps, had nerved Mr. Royston against any depressing influence to be so derived, or his thoughts on the pleasures he had but just passed through armed him against discomfort. So, still humming, he turned into the doorway of the house which contained his chambers, and proceeded leisurely to mount the stairs. He proceeded leisurely, as any man would who had to pass over more than eighty steps to reach his destination. Mr. Royston inhabited the topmost tenement of the house, and so it was some moments before he arrived at his own door, having passed, on his way up, the offices, on the ground floor, of Messrs. Docket and Tacking, Solicitors; the chambers, on the first floor, of Mr. Leader, Q.C., and the eminent Mr. Bluebag; and, on the second floor, of Mr. Grinder, Special Pleader, and Mr. Crammer, Home Circuit. He arrived, then, on the third-floor landing, where was the door of his own residence, inscribed in large black letters "Mr. J. Royston," and also the door of the rooms adjoining, endorsed "Mr. Nacker."

Jack opened his door with his key. Within was a second door, which was unfastened. He entered a dark and narrow passage, upon which the doors of his sitting and bed-rooms opened on the one side, and on the other a spare room and pantry.

He was feeling his way with his hand for a small shelf, upon which he ought to find his candlestick.

"Confound Mrs. Grady! She's always forgetting something. Oh, here it is!"

His hand struck against the candle. Then commenced a further search.

"As usual! When there are matches there's no candle, and when there's a candle there are no matches! Never mind; I'll light it at the gas-lamp on the stairs."

He turned to go down the stairs to where the lamp was fixed, but, changing his mind again—

"Bah! there must be matches on the chimney-piece."

And he returned to his rooms, groped his way along the passage till he found the door of his sitting-room, turned the handle and went in. All was darkness, of course. The room was not large, and to find his way to the fire-place was not difficult, especially as no blind was drawn over the window, and its locality was, consequently, traceable, and formed a guide to the other portions of the apartment. He moved his hand along the chimney-piece, and having first upset, ultimately recovered the match-box, and struck a light. He was turning gently, so as not to destroy the feeble flame of the newly-ignited match, towards the candlestick on the table, when a sudden vague alarm struck him for the first time, and, with a start, he lost the light he had been in such pains to obtain. A dread, or rather a consciousness stole over him, and as it did so, the perspiration burst out in large drops upon his forehead, and a violent trembling seized him—a consciousness that something strange had happened. He felt, rather than knew from having seen—the light he had obtained had been so brief and so feeble—that there was some one besides himself in the room—that there, close to him, within two inches of his hand, seated in his favorite chair, was *some one*,—whom he did not, could not, know! A moment of condensed agony was spent in again striking a light! His hand trembled so violently he could hardly draw the match against the rough paper on the box for ignition, and, having drawn it, his hard breathing nearly extinguished the flame. But, sure, enough, sitting where he had known it must be, was the figure of a man leaning back in the chair, his head bowed forward, but his eyes gazing intently in the direction where Jack Royston was standing! For some moments the two men seemed to stare at each other in a paralyzed and ghastly manner.

"Who the devil are you?"

But Jack Royston could hardly speak the words; his throat was fevered, his tongue was parched, and his heart was throbbing with a force acutely painful. He had hardly spoken them when the conviction came to him of their utter inutility. The strange man had not spoken—had not moved one muscle. He sat rigid—motionless; his eyes glaring wide open, yet vacantly—soullessly. Jack

bounded towards him with an abrupt impulse. He found him stiff and cold. Likely enough. The man was stone dead!

It was not a comfortable thing, or a pacifying, or an agreeable thing, to encounter such a blot desecrating his Penates as was this dead man,—his dead eyes staring deadily at nothing, and his dead feet dangling on to the hearth-rug, and his dead body blocking up Jack Royston's pet arm-chair. It was staggering—confusing. It was a most fearful *non-sequitur* to any preceding incident in Jack Royston's life. It was a blow that took away his breath and his senses. A live man would have been nothing. He could have understood that. There was sense in that. And Jack prayed inwardly for a second that the man would yet get up and hit him, and they might have a fight. He longed to get back to something that was real and predated and intelligible. But a dead man—stark dead!—in the chair in which so many jolly pipes had been smoked and jolly glasses drunk,—in the room in which so many jolly fellows had met,—where all was redolent of the comfortable, the human, the living! Death—in the dark hours of the morning, in the silence and the gloom—haunting his name; not spiritually—not spectrally—but bodily—coldly—clammy. It was strange—strange? It was frightful! Though he did not set up for a man of valor, Jack Royston had as much courage as most people, perhaps more than a good many. Few would have had very great presence of mind the first instant of such a situation. He felt a strange swimming in his head. He glared wildly round the room with an air of bewildered helplessness. He could just perceive that every thing else was in its accustomed place. The books on the shelves, the pictures on the walls—French mezzotints—"Les Yeux Bleues," "Fleur de Marie," "Le Premier Baiser," &c., the foils in the corner, the tea-caddy on the side-table, the statuette of Dorothea—all were there. Then came a strong inclination to sink down in a faint on the floor, abandoned in favor of the more precipitate measure of dashing blindly from the place, leaping down the stairs at peril of his neck, hurrying out into the road without hat, and, heedless of the never-ceasing rain, plunging through the miry road, and splitting the graveyard silence of the inn with loud cries for "Help! help! help!"

Job soon came running towards him—that is to say, with as near an approach to a run as Job was capable of. Jack, in a breathless and agitated manner, endeavored to convey to him some notion of the strange scene he had left up in his chambers. Job did not in the least understand what had happened, but he whistled in a subdued and prolonged manner, by way of acknowledging his receipt of the marvels conveyed to him, having first given a steady gaze at the narrator, to ascertain that the strange story, and the strange manner in which it was delivered, did not arise from any uncertain action of the brain, induced by superfluous libation. Whether his experience in such cases enabled him to acquit Mr. Royston of all suspicion, or that he really saw it was necessary to accede to the demand that he should go at once to Rowden Buildings (for that that was required of him was all he could understand), Job at once turned back to mount to Mr. Royston's chambers. Jack, pale and breathless, ran up the stairs two and three and four at a time, having to wait on each landing for the more deliberate ascent of Job, who came clattering on in heavy wooden-soled boots, that appeared to be maintained on his legs and ankles by haybands, interwoven and wound round in a subtle and ingenious manner. Quite a little shower was falling from the many and wet capes of Job's huge over-coat—a wonderful garment, that might have been the result of a congress of watchmen and hackney-coachmen, it was so perfect a type of the taste in coats of those extinct genera. Large moist impressions of his boot-soles were left on the stairs as he clattered up. At length they arrived at the top, Jack breathing quickly from renewed agitation as he approached the scene of his alarms, and Job breathing heavily from the fatigues of the ascent. They entered the sitting-room. There, sure enough, as Jack Royston had endeavored to convey to Job, was the dead man leaning back in the chair, his head bowed on his chest, and his eyes open, and fixed in a blank, awful stare. Job turned his lantern to the wretched man's face, as though the lighted candle on the table did not sufficiently reveal to him the horrible marvel. But the face looked so fearful, the bright, magnified light shining on each rigid lineament, that he was glad to turn away the lantern again, directing its rays, as he did so, into each corner of the

room, and afterwards towards the window, and then under the table. Neither of the men had spoken. But, having exhausted his survey, and not knowing exactly what to do next, Job turned and gazed steadily at Mr. Royston.

"He was like that when I came in, but five minutes ago," cried Jack abruptly, almost violently, as though he had read some terrible accusation in his companion's eyes. "I have not been in five minutes."

"I know," says Job. "I see you pass. You was singing."

"But what am I to do?"

Job looked bewildered.

"I'll spring the rattle. It will fetch up George," he said. He went down to the staircase window, which looked on to the Lane, leaned out, and sprung his rattle; waited a few seconds, and then repeated the process. Shortly afterwards came the noise of some one hurrying down the Lane.

"What is it?" a husky voice inquired.

"Come up."

Job shut the window. He returned soon after with a little old man, in a great-coat the duplicate of his own, a red nightcap drawn over his ears, and very nearly over his eyes.

"Here's a rummy start, George!" says Job; and he put his friend in possession of the facts of the case, so far as he himself comprehended them. George scratched his head with severity and deliberation, then proceeded to the same line of conduct in regard to his lantern as Job had adopted with the one he carried; and stopping ultimately, as his predecessor in the process had done, gazed intently at Jack, without having as yet uttered a syllable.

Jack began to perceive that the assistants he had called in were not likely to be of particular service to him—at any rate, in the way of counsel. His presence of mind was gradually returning to him.

"George," he said, "this is a very strange case. We cannot leave things as they are. You must go instantly and get a doctor here as quick as you can."

George began to think who was the nearest. There was Doctor Carson in Fleet Street; and yet he would hardly do; he was only there from twelve till five in the daytime.

"There's a surgeon at the bottom of Essex Street—Mr. Randall. He will be the nearest.

You must go and knock him up." He must come directly. You must also bring in a policeman. Do you hear? As quick as you can."

George nodded his head and went off.

Jack took hold of the dead man's hand, not without a shudder—it was quite cold. He felt for a pulse, but vainly; listened for the beating of the heart; opened his watch-case, and held the polished interior to the man's mouth, to see if he yet breathed.

"It is too late, I am afraid," he said; "but it is best to have a doctor in."

Job shook his head affirmatively.

"You look pale, old man," says Jack. "Suppose you have a glass of brandy. I don't think it would do either of us any harm."

Job was affirmative again. Mr. Royston poured out the brandy into two wine-glasses. Job took one, and flung the contents dexterously down his throat, as though he were swallowing a nauseous drug he did not want to taste. Each had a second glass, and seemed the better for it.

George returned with Mr. Randall, the surgeon, and two policemen. Leaving the medical man he had called up to dress and proceed to the direction given, he had gone on into Fleet Street, and secured the two officers. All arrived simultaneously at Mr. Royston's chambers.

The doctor went straight to the dead man.

"I can be of no use here," he said. "This man has been dead some hours."

All looked at each other, and then turned to examine the corpse more intently. It was the body of a young man, apparently about twenty-six, perhaps hardly so much. The face was sunburnt, but wan and worn. The eyes, gray in color, were deeply set. The features small, irregular, but not unhandsome. The brow beetled over. The lips were thin. The hair cut close, and dark brown in color. The man had worn his beard, which was long, but rather scanty, and much lighter in color than the hair. The hands were well shaped, though sinewy and attenuated. The clothes were not new, but were respectable. A cloth cap with a peak had fallen on the ground. The officers proceeded to take an inventory of the contents of the pockets. There were no papers or memoranda of any kind, except a fragment of *La Presse* newspaper, some weeks old. There were eleven pounds in

gold in an old clasp purse, and two sovereigns loose in his right waistcoat pocket. There no were keys; no silver or copper money; no watch. There was a colored India silk handkerchief, without mark. Indeed, there was no mark upon any of the clothes; except that upon the buttons of the waistcoat, underneath, round the shank, were impressed, "Hepper, Tailor, Broadway, New York."

The policemen took notes of the results of this investigation; the doctor was endeavoring to discover the cause of death.

"Very odd. No wound—no smell of poison—no appearance of strangulation." And he undid the unfortunate man's neck-handkerchief, which was tied loosely in a sailor's knot. "Well, I can do nothing more; so I may as well go home. There will be a *post-mortem*, of course. You will know where to find me, if I am wanted. Good-night,—good-night!" And he was gone.

The police proceeded to examine the premises. The window of the sitting-room was fastened on the inside. They opened it and looked out. There was a stone parapet outside; and between it and the window a gutter for carrying off the rain, about a foot wide, and on which it was possible to walk along, and so gain communication, through the top windows, with all the other houses in the stack of buildings.

"How could this man have possibly got into the room?" said Jack; "I cannot understand. The window fastened—and the outer door locked!"

The policemen said nothing; they looked at each other, and one of them made a note. They then continued a systematic examination of the room—merely looking, however, and seldom disturbing the arrangement of any thing; and having pretty well exhausted the one apartment, one of the officers went to carry on a like form in the other part of Mr. Royston's premises. There was a degree of hesitation about leaving Jack alone, even with the other policeman and the Inn-porters, which Jack did not fail to observe.

"He looks handcuffs, if ever man did," murmured that gentleman as he wiped his forehead. "It is time I thought about myself. Pleasant this! 'There's no place like home,' certainly."

Probably from that tremendous insight into the frailties and misdeeds of their fellows which policemen by their vocation of a neces-

sity acquire, it is quite evident that the officers in Mr. Royston's room had come to look upon him already in the light of a culprit and prisoner. Indeed, it was not quite beyond the range of probability that No. 97, as he flashed his lantern about mechanically, in every place where it was evident that nothing could possibly be, was composing the first paragraph of his evidence, to be delivered in any forthcoming investigation that might afford him the opportunity: how that, "from information he had received, early on the morning of Tuesday, the 13th of May, he had proceeded to No. 10 Rowden Buildings, Temple Bar, and apprehended the prisoner at the bar for the wilful murder of the deceased," etc. etc. With considerable respect for the force which claims Sir Robert Peel as its institutor, I must yet confess that I should be very sorry to be tried upon any charge whatever by a jury of policemen. Too well I can understand how quickly and loudly "Guilty, my lord," would ring out from the twelve blue uniforms. Universal guilt is an unalterable item in the creed of a constable. Innocence with them is only another term for lucky crime, and the acquitted prisoner we occasionally read of in the paper, who leaves the court with his friends, and, as the president informs him, without a stain on his character, is to them only a fortunate criminal who has had a close shave of it, and whom they would caution to look sharp, as he won't have such luck another time. Mr. Royston was occupied with some such reflections upon the idiosyncrasy of the force.

"I tell you what it is," he said, at last, jumping up, "we can't go on like this; one of you must come round with me to the inspector, and lay the whole thing before him. The other, with Job—George, you're not wanted—can stay here with the body, and see that nothing fresh turns up."

The two policemen were hardly prepared for this outburst on the part of the prisoner, and were almost suspecting some manœuvre that was to result in an attempted escape. However, the advice was put into action. Jack departed with No. 97, stopping on his way out to knock at the door of Mr. Nacker, with whom he had some acquaintance, with a view to put him in possession of the facts of the case. The knocking obtaining no response, Jack came to the conclusion that his neighbor was fast asleep or absent from his

rooms, and went on his way to the police office, accompanied by the constable. No. 97 kept a particularly watchful eye upon every movement of his companion, meditating as he walked along a variety of subtle schemes for a recapture, in the event of any attempt at escape or rescue.

The inspector was a stout, square-built man, very tightly buttoned in a well-fitting uniform of the well-known color and design, and of a superior cloth. Perhaps the first impression on seeing him was in respect to the large amount of chin he had to shave. Large folds of flesh encompassed his mouth, like the circles that form round a stone flung in the water; and a little patch of short cut whiskers sat gracefully, like a crescent-shaped scrubbing-brush, on his either cheek-bone. He had little, rolling, gray eyes, and a short, flexible nose, which seemed to be composed entirely of gristle, and which he had the habit of rubbing and compressing and bending into all conceivable forms. There was a comfortable fire in the office, and two or three policemen were enjoying themselves in its neighborhood, warming themselves or falling asleep over it. Other officers were busy writing. A little boy, wretchedly pale and sickly-looking, was coiled up on a bench, having been recently apprehended on the heinous charge of being very cold and wet, and having no home to go to. In his company was a person most respectably attired, but whose gentility of appearance was considerably marred by the facts of his being wet through, of his being covered in places with a rich impasto of mire, and of his being speechlessly drunk. He hiccupped loudly and musically at intervals, in a manner that never failed to startle his fellow-offender—the little boy. The charges were being entered in respect of these two criminals.

Jack was at length enabled to narrate to the inspector the difficulties under which he was placed. That officer heard all he had to say, without any observation beyond the violent manipulation of his nose, in the manner before alluded to. He was tolerably civil for a police inspector, took down the narrator's name and address, and the heads of his statement. Had a little private conversation with the policeman who had accompanied Jack to the station. Something to the mortification of that functionary, the inspector hardly appeared to acquiesce in his strong opinion adverse to Mr. Royston. In fact, the inspector

could see no reason to detain that gentleman, though he warned him that he must hold himself in readiness to appear whenever required, for the further investigation of the case.

The interview resulted in other constables being dispatched with a stretcher to remove the body from Rowden Buildings. Jack returned with them; the rain still falling heavily. Job and his companion were not sorry to be relieved of their vigil; and the body was conveyed on the stretcher to the dead-house appertaining to the parish of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. Jack had, at length, the satisfaction of closing the door on his visitors; and, throwing himself on his bed, endeavored to snatch an hour or two's sleep, of which, after all he had undergone, he certainly stood in need.

To state that the whole of Temple Lane and its neighborhood had been thrown into a state of great excitement, would be to state only what was true, in the words of more than one newspaper correspondent. At a very early hour the news was rife of what had happened, and the conclave of laundresses that assembled round the pump in the court that thence derives its name was on that morning solemn and imposing in its numbers and state of emotion. Excitement fluttered the bonnets of those benign females whose mission it is, in their own formula, to "do" for the gentlemen of the Temple. Job, from his share in the important events, had the whole laundress world, for that morning, at his feet; and the more he retained, the more urgent became the attentions of the curious fair to obtain the information he possessed. Each bachelor in the Inn had that morning a prolonged interview with his Hebe; and doubt and wonder and surmise ruled every heart in the Temple. Even Mr. Leader, Queen's Counsel—his breakfast-table heavily laden, besides ham and eggs, with a number of most important cases, which he had not looked at, and in some of which he had to address the court that morning—and personally unknown to Mr. Royston, came running up-stairs to make his acquaintance, and view the scene of the morning's mystery,—actually proceeding so far as to descend from the window into the gutter, and speculate in that, for him, novel position, on the probabilities of the case. Mr. Bluebag also came up, eating dry toast, for he had quitted his breakfast in his anxiety, and gave vent to his views on the mystery.

Mr. Snawler, the common-law gentleman at the solicitor's office on the ground floor, also paid a prolonged visit, as, indeed, did other gentlemen from that and neighboring offices. The excitement was general. Policemen were seen hither and thither in unwonted profusion. The porters, with their short aprons and metal badges, omitted to keep their usual vivid look-out for jobs in their desire for mutual converse on this all-important subject, while a perfect cordon of beadies was drawn round the scene of the marval. The beadle from the Temple Church, in his orange-colored cape and snuff-brown coat, the beadle from St. Dunstan, the beadle from St. Clement Danes, and functionaries of like office who patrol the quiet no-thoroughfares that run down from the Strand to the river, were all assembled, and in grave discussion. If the secret had been hidden in a pewter vessel, more pots of porter could not have been turned up to discover the mystery than were emptied in the course of their deliberations.

There was wonderful talking over the matter in all the public-houses in the neighborhood. The bars, public and private, and even the jug and bottle entrances, were quite choked up with visitors. The whisperings, the nods and winks, the grave shakes of the head, the portentous "Ahs!" were numberless; as also the individuals who had exclusive sources of information, and had so acquired, from authority the most undoubted, particulars of a more refined character than any one else had been able to arrive at. In every court in the Temple were to be found little knots of persons narrating, and gesticulating, and pantomiming the occurrence, and how it had taken place. Even in the Temple Gardens, the nursery-maids had the whole matter over and over again with the gardeners and the superannuated clerks who promenaded those enclosures; and the children discussed it amongst themselves, and wondered over it, and were frightened at it, and ended with making it into a game, and played at being dead, and being found, and calling in policemen. Pedestrians in Fleet Street made a *détour* to include the Temple in their walk, and look up at the house in Rowden Buildings in which the dead body had been found; and travellers by the river steamboats got up from their seats as they passed by the Temple, and crowded to the side to see if they could make out the house in which the mys-

tery had occurred; when some one more confident than the rest, would point out a house, generally a wrong one, and they would all stare at it, and respect the great information of their fellow-passenger, and talk of nothing else but the Temple and its tragedy all their way to Chelsea or London Bridge, as the case might be. And the newspapers, which had commenced moderately, and given a brief narrative of the event under the heading of MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE, now went in for it with greater appetite, and called it boldly, THE MURDER IN THE TEMPLE,—giving "latest particulars" in "second editions," and stating that the police were on the track of the supposed assassin, and that it was probable that he would be in the hands of justice by the time the paper was in the possession of its readers.

But probably the excitement reached its culminating point when the coroner called his investigation into the cause of death. Every porter and laundress in the Inn seemed to be the victim of a dominant passion to be sworn a witness, irrespective of the question whether any evidence they could tender had or not any bearing upon the case. The jury went and looked at the body, made but an abashed inspection, and were rather glad when it was over. They then mounted to Mr. Royston's chambers, and examined the chair in which the dead man had been found sitting, and tried the window-fastening, and opened the window, and looked up the gutter and down the gutter, and said nothing, and came away. They examined Mrs. Grady, the laundress, who had nothing important to communicate, except that she had left Mr. Royston in his chambers dining with a friend, at seven o'clock in the evening, had not been there again until the following morning, and had not once parted with possession of her key of the outer door. These facts would have been soon told; but Mrs. Grady had conceived a notion that Mr. Royston was on trial for his life, and that she was a most important witness to character, and sighed and sobbed, entreated and expostulated, until she was fairly ordered out of court.

Mr. Rook, barrister, of King's Bench Walk, deposed that he was the friend alluded to by the last witness. He had dined with Mr. Royston, and gone out with him before eight o'clock to a musical party in Brunswick Square. The coroner did not see what this

evidence had to do with the case, but was informed that it was thought desirable to trace the state of the chambers from the time of their being left empty to the period of their discovery occupied by the body. Mr. Royston was called, and the reporters announced that there was a visible sensation in court, and that no less than three of the audience were found to be sketching his portrait for different illustrated newspapers. Mr. Royston stated that he was a barrister, and occupied the chambers in question. Had done so for five years. Had dined at seven o'clock in his chambers with Mr. Rook, on the evening preceding the discovery of the body, and after dinner had left for Brunswick Square. Closed his windows before leaving as he thought it looked like rain. Did not return home until past two o'clock. Knew the hour, because he had heard it strike as he crossed Fleet Street. He then described his finding the body. Deposed to the facts of his door being locked on his return, and also of his window being fastened. His calling in Job, George, the doctor, and policemen, and of his giving information to the inspector at the police office. Had not missed any property, and could lay no claim to the money found on the deceased. Did not know the deceased; had never seen him before. Job proved the return of Mr. Royston; had heard the Hall-clock strike, and knew it had just gone two. Noticed Mr. Royston, because he was so wet, and was singing. Was requested by Mr. Royston, a few minutes after, to return with him to his rooms. Was sure it was not more than five minutes after. Nor so much. Went back and found the dead man. Had never seen him before. George and the policemen gave evidence of all they knew of the matter, and detailed the particulars of the articles found in the dead man's pockets. George fancied he might have seen the man once or twice in the Temple, but could not swear about it. He was unknown to the police. Mr. Randall, the surgeon, gave evidence of the fact of his having been called in. Stated that the man had been dead some hours when he first saw him; he should say at least four hours. He had made a *post-mortem* examination. The witness was here listened to with a most vivid interest, and the jury made very copious notes, which was the more creditable to them from the fact of their not in the least understanding what the witness was

talking about. The result of the autopsy, as stated by the witness, was rather technical than intelligible. There was a great deal about congestion, valves, ventricles, tissues, secretions, fatty matter, morbid action, extravasated blood, and the like. The brain was normal, the stomach healthy; contained nothing of a foreign nature; the heart was diseased, certainly. It might be sufficiently so to cause death, or it might not. It would be an element in the examination, if the circumstances attending the last few hours could be stated. There was no mark of external violence beyond a slight abrasion of skin on the left hand, which was of recent occurrence. The man was of spare habit, and exceedingly attenuated at the time of death; but there was nothing to indicate that he had died from want of the necessaries of life. Quite the contrary. In the absence of further information, the witness should be disposed to think that deceased had died from diseased action of the heart. Another medical witness echoed Mr. Randall's opinions, and there was little further evidence adduced. Mr. Brown-smith was in court to prove that Mr. Royston had spent the evening at his house, but was not examined.

On the question of the deceased's entry of the rooms by means of the gutter, it became necessary to inquire concerning the positions of the other rooms in the row from which access to the gutter might be obtained; and the inquest was adjourned, that further evidence on this subject might be brought forward. The police were diligent in their examination. That any trace of footmarks should be found in the gutter, or along the sides of the stone parapet, was not possible; the heavy rain that had fallen had effectually removed any marks that might otherwise have been discovered. It was found that the gutter was commanded by the windows of no less than five sets of chambers. One of these, however, was unoccupied and to be let; the door was locked, the key in possession of the gate-keeper, and the window securely fastened. The rooms were carefully examined, but afforded not the slightest trace of recent occupation, or any thing that could favor the supposition of the dead man having gained the gutter from the empty chambers. These were the next rooms to Mr. Royston's on one side. On the other resided Mr. Nacker. He had been in his room the whole evening, had supper at

ten o'clock, smoked a cigar at the open window afterwards, until it came on to rain, when he had smoked another cigar and gone to bed. Had seen nothing—heard nothing. Was sure no person had walked past along the gutter. Had seen the body of the deceased. Could not identify it. The chambers next to Mr. Nacker's were occupied by a Mr. Punter, and the chambers next to his were in the tenure of a Mr. Poole. These gentlemen were intimate friends, and had spent the evening together from seven until three in the morning, during which time they had performed duets, flute and clarinet, had played several games at *écarté*, had enjoyed a supper of lobster salad and chops sent in from the fish-shop in Fleet Street, and had concluded their entertainments with gin-punch. They were both prepared to maintain that no one had gained the gutter from their rooms; that they had not seen any one enter Mr. Royston's rooms by the window; and neither of them had any knowledge of the dead man. The rooms on the other side of the empty chambers were held by a Mr. Strike, connected with the newspaper press, who had left home at seven, had passed the evening at the Haymarket Theatre, written a review on a performance there, had supper at a fish-shop in the Strand, and returned to his chambers about half-past one. His departure and return to the Temple were known to the porters. He also failed to recognize the deceased. No other person had a key to his rooms but himself. His door had been securely fastened. This was all the information obtained. The coroner regretted that so little light had been thrown on the matter; pointed out that, even if the man had been proved to have effected an entry into the chambers by means of the gutter, there yet remained the strange fact of his having fastened the window after him, and the motive of his presence in the room was left totally unaccounted for. It could hardly be plunder. At all events, he had nothing belonging to Mr. Royston in his possession at the time of death, while he had a considerable sum of his own. He was respectably attired, and was utterly unknown to the police. No one had identified the body, and there was no evidence to show that the death had not resulted from natural causes. He was puzzled—the police were amazed—the jury bewildered—and the public furious that no satisfactory explanation could be given. An open

verdict was returned, that the deceased had been found dead, but there was no evidence to show how the death had been occasioned.

"I shall remember the morning of the 13th of May as long as I live!" exclaimed Mr. Royston, as he found himself in his rooms again after the inquest; and he made a large cross against the date in the almanack that hung over the mantelpiece.

The public mind was very much unsettled in respect to the Temple Lane tragedy. It was like being haunted by a riddle, the explanation to which was withheld. The newspapers were greatly interested in the matter, and opened their columns to voluminous correspondence, containing all sorts of suggestions in elucidation of the mystery. Leading articles, too, were written on the subject. There was a scrap of Horace, a quotation from Rabelais, a touch-and-go narrative of the event, a tirade about coroners, a little scoffing about trial by jury, and a proposition that the alleged difficulties of the case all lay in a nutshell. The affair was dropping gradually from the public mind, which is of most sieve-like nature, holds very little, and that little a very short time, when a horrible murder in Spitalfields drew attention away from it altogether. It is not possible to hunt more than one hare at a time, so the public gave up the Temple mystery, and gave chase, hot and furious, to the Spitalfields tragedy.

Even the keenness of Jack Royston's wonderment was blunting. He took a week's recruiting at Boulogne; kept early hours for about ten days, in order to avoid the unpleasantness of coming home late and feeling about the room for matches. But he was overcoming even this; and the qualms with which he looked into his arm-chair, when he did come home rather late, were rapidly abating. It was still a striking legend attached to his chambers, and he got to like to tell the story, acting it as he went on with chair, candle, match-box, and all the requisite properties. Although at first he had been rather shy of mentioning any thing about it, at last it grew to be a species of entertainment in his rooms, and was asked for at little convivial meetings held there, as though it had been a comic song; and "Jack Royston and the dead man" became a recognized interlude to be demanded of him as punctually as *Deh vieni, Il balen, Mein Herz ist am Rhein, Vi ravviso*, and other favorite barytone airs. But even this was

becoming somewhat obsolete. For some months the mystery was unexplained.

PART II.

MR. ROYSTON occasionally entertained at his chambers select little batches of his friends, and very festal evenings resulted. There is an advantage which the parties of bachelors enjoy over other *réunions*: no guests are invited solely upon the conventional suggestions of social policy. The A's are never asked simply because they live next door to the B's (whom every one dislikes), because they are so *liés* with the C's, who are desirable people, and who will, when old D dies, which can't be long hence, come in for no end of money. It is a limited and choice band that gains admission behind the scenes of a bachelor's life, pierces the *arcana* of his single blessedness, mounts *au troisième* to view one of Fashion's whilom ornaments in direct *déshabille*, puffing a pipe of most democratic tobacco, cooking a chop over his own fire, or swallowing beer from the pewter with the force of the most inveterate of bargemen. There are phases in the recognition a man receives from his fellows in the world, and the bachelor who in an invitation to his chambers uncurtains his life to you has given the fullest acknowledgment possible of the regard in which he holds you. Short of so grand a liberality are little dinners at the Brunswick, the Star and Garter, or superfine entertainments on the second floor of M. Kühn's, in Hanover Street. Delicious *symposia* doubtless, but slightly unreal—with something of the heaven of social falsity about them. There is no fear of the tangibility of a short pipe and a pewter pot fading away like Cinderella's ball-room magnificence; but it is only to Brobdingag incomes, too bulky to be sceptical, that Madame Clicquot's effervescent nectar can assume the positivism of every-day fact, or be other than a dreamlike and brief-spanned delight of intermittent existence. There can be no crinoline of sham round life in a garret. You are at once at the very bones of real being, and so it is perhaps quite as well to permit only friends to inspect the anatomy.

Perhaps Mr. Royston was of this way of thinking. At any rate, the men he assembled in his rooms were eminently his intimates. And further, as he was as bright, gay, and good-tempered a fellow as one needed to know, none but those more or less possessed

of such attributes were to be found at his parties. A charming *bonhomme* prevailed in consequence. There were none of those stony, ignoring looks which so distinguish the glances of strangers thrown together in politer *salons*. Jack had a reputation for shrewd perception; and his guests were quite aware that whoever they might meet in his rooms were there by a title good as their own, and of right qualified to rank one of their set. Turn to what part of the room you might, you were at full liberty to strike into any knot of conversationalists, or throw your mite of jest or observation into the common cauldron: no one would resent your interference or, by way of acknowledgment, seek, by hard staring, to melt you into your boots.

Mr. Royston's profession I have already alluded to; his means of livelihood had a multifarious, if not an uncertain character. The same difficulty in the nomination of their occupations attached to his friends. The world is hardly yet prepared to recognize journalism as a profession or, indeed, as a method of supporting life. It has been so long in the habit of esteeming as a penny-a-liner, or one remove from a street cadger, any one who may write in a newspaper, that journalists have scarcely yet had the courage to give over qualifying for barristers, by way of assuming a recognized profession. There were many followers of the indistinct vocation of letters to be found at the gatherings in Rowden Buildings. There were many students of the "fine" and other arts. There were others to whom, admitting even the occupations of letters and journalism, it was yet rather difficult to assign any particular walk of industry. Intellectual *condottieri*, ready to go in for any and every thing. Clever, with no prescribed position, always hard up, and yet somehow always spending money. Mental gamblers, who venture their wits against other people's wealth, and squander alike whether they win or lose. Human shooting-stars, who spring from nothing, and fall back into obscurity, and yet sometimes shine their brief flash brilliantly enough. Bearded men, somewhat unkempt, with bright eyes glittering out of rather hollowed caverns, with ringing laughs and vigorous action, while they rolled out their talk in strong and striking language. They were not particular in their subjects—would have shocked Tooting very likely; were not reverent of many things;

were caustic and satirical; and would, probably, rather some one should suffer by a jest than that it should be withheld altogether. But they were good fellows too, and had sound hearts, as hearts go, though they did beat behind rather tarnished shirt fronts; and thought sometimes right and manly thoughts, though their clothes might savor somewhat of tobacco. What would have astonished a stranger more, perhaps, than any thing else, had he broken in upon one of the *réunions* in Rowden Buildings, was the universality of the men present, and that chamois activity of mind by which they could leap from one subject to another, and yet appear to have knowledge of and interest in all.

Some four months after the occurrence of the events narrated in Part I., Jack Royston had a *soirée* at his rooms in Rowden Buildings. The visitor, as he mounted the stairs, soon arrived at the conviction that something unwonted was going on at the top, for a din of many voices penetrated the outer door of Jack's chamber, and descended even to the first-floor landing. Arrived at the door, it became necessary to knock pretty loudly with your stick or umbrella against the oak, when would appear Mrs. Grady, her face ruddy from additional labor and excitement, or perhaps from stronger causes; or Jack Royston, with his cherry, sunny face, his genial "By Jove," his jolly laugh, and his hearty grasp of the hand; and in another minute your hat was stowed away, Heaven only knows where, and you were launched into an apartment filled by the smoke of a dozen pipes, through which the smokers could only be filmily traced.

"We're doing honor to little Tom Eddis," cries Jack; "he's just come home from Constantinople. You can't see him just now for the smoke of his hookah; when that's cleared away, you'll see as much of him as his fez will let you."

"How are you, Tom?"

"How are you, old fellow?"

"He's grown, hasn't he?" cries Jack, "since he's been away."

"Yes, his beard," shouts some one.

"Don't talk to the friend of the Sultan in that way," says another; "you'll endanger our Oriental relations."

"Ah! how's your Oriental relation—eh, Tom?"

"Pour on," sings out little Tom Eddis, majestically stroking his long beard, and a row

of white teeth breaking out in his sun-browned face; "pour on, particularly the beer."

"When's Tom's book coming out?"

"What book?"

"His *Tour in Turkey*."

"That's not the name of it. It's to be called *Eighteen-penn'orth of Turkey*."

"Roast or boiled?" asks some one.

"Devilled," says another.

"For shame!" cries Jack.

The object of these attacks, a bright-looking little fellow, with a treble voice and a sharp, short, merry laugh, seemed as much amused as the rest at the comments and criticisms with which he was bombarded.

"He's a character," as Jack describes him, *sotto voce*, to a friend. "His foible is a defiance of all social discipline—a passion for vagrancy. He's got money, or had it once at any rate, and might have got on in any thing, but he wouldn't. He elects to be under a cloud, prefers night to day, shuns the reputable, and dotes on the vague. He lives in impenetrable lodgings, and never is there, but only to be heard of. He's the waif of accident, and starts off at a tangent, for any quarter of the globe his fancy suggests. Absent, he corresponds with no one, but gives orders he's to be advertised for if he's wanted, and he'll turn up, if it's only to get the reward himself. He's rather fond of administering strong stories of his adventures; and it's a part of his humor to ascribe to political motives the abruptness of his journeys, and the secrecy of his returns. He deals in the marvellous, in fact, but always has himself implicit belief in what he narrates. Some one has describes him as a 'conscientious liar.'"

"You've been to Cairo, haven't you, Tom?"

"Just come back—about that infernal canal! Precious work! I saw a certain noble lord—you know who—yesterday. He's satisfied—grateful, in fact—so I think it's all right."

"I thought yours was a commercial mission."

"Oh, the other thing! The purchase of one of the Pyramids. Well, I had only to sound, you know, not to conclude. I think it's to be done."

"What's that about the Pyramid?" asks Jack.

"The Sphinx, he means," says some one.

"Tom's turned Mussulman, and asked her hand in marriage. The only difficulty is about the settlements."

"No," explains Tom; "it's an English company formed to buy up one of the Pyramids for exhibition here. It's proposed to stick it up in Lincoln's Inn Fields. They've measured, and find it will just fit in. They've already obtained permission of the Benchers. They'll board it in, and exhibit it at a shilling a-head."

"Not a bad idea," says Jack.

"No," continues the traveller; "only the Emperor remonstrates against it as a bit-by-bit annexation of Egypt."

"Is it true, Tom, you've brought over a tame crocodile?"

"No; it's a joke. There was some talk of my engaging a troop of performing alligators starring it at Alexandria for the Drury Lane pantomime. But the negotiation went off."

"Were they clever?"

"Oh, very! They could do *la perche*, the double *trapèze*, and nearly all Frikell's tricks with cards."

In another part of the room:—

"Is that your play at the Haymarket, Nacker?"

"No."

"I thought it was—it's so bad."

"Rook is authorized to be critical on the drama. He once wrote a farce."

"From the French."

"And a tragedy."

"And nobody was ever able to find out which was which."

"I beg your pardon," says Rook; "it was not a tragedy, it was a burlesque——"

"Same thing."

"And it had a run."

"On Miss Spanker's legs."

"They'd need to have been strong ones. It was hideously heavy."

"Now then, who's for oysters?"

"I'll finish my smoke on the parapet;" and Tom Eddis mounted to the window, and got out.

"There's a good view here," says Rook.

"The river Thames, Bedlam, the Shot Tower, the roof of the Vic, and Waterloo Bridge. A man living here might write statistics of suicide, take the traffic over the bridge—into the river."

"There's a better view from my window," remarks Tom, critically.

"Where is your window?"

"Why, he lives in the Albany."

"No; Plumstead Common."

"Paradise Row, Whitechapel."

"Eaton Square."

"No. 99 New Cut."

"Short's Rents, Somers Town."

"Dark Arches, Adelphi."

Tom laughed. "I am living at the end of Essex Street, Strand. My room on the top floor looks on to the Temple, and up and down the river—a very fine view. My pipe's out; let's go in and try the oysters."

There was great shell-fish eating for some minutes. Tom was standing near the mantelpiece, making large crescent-shaped mutilations of a slice of bread and butter. "I am curious, I am," says Tom, taking up a miniature-case. "Whose photograph's this?"

Jack reddened. "Oh, no one's," he answered.

"Then she's a pretty woman."

"Why, it's one of the Brownsmith girls!" cries Rook, looking over Tom's shoulder.

"Hush! Don't be a fool! By Jove! and Jack pocketed the miniature.

"I've put my foot in it," says Tom. "That comes of asking questions. Hallo! what's this cross in the almanack against the 13th of May?"

"That's the date of the tragedy."

"The what?"

"The Temple Lane tragedy." Rook gave him a short narrative of that event.

"Well, that's strange: I missed it in the newspapers. The 13th of May—why, that's the very day I left for Turkey. And, now I think of it, I remember looking out of my window in Essex Street, about dusk the night before, and seeing——"

Tom stopped. There was a face ghastly pale, looking towards him with a frightened, supplicating look.

"No; I'm wrong," he went on in an altered voice. "I'll try six more oysters—only six. Thank you; not one more, or I shall have eaten too many. Nearly putting my foot into it again, I'm thinking," he muttered to himself. "Rook, who's the old man with the white hair at the sides?"

"And bald at the top? Old Tressell, from the second floor, next door."

"Thank you. I'll take the beer after you." Then, to himself,— "Tressell. Ah! I know the name; he's written some books. I've heard they're good. What did he mean by looking at me like that? Second floor?—next door?—13th of May? That's funny."

Fine old fellow! Aristocratic too. Bright blue eyes and heavy gray eyebrows. Small fine features and delicate hands. There's something strange here."

The party had lasted some hours, and at length began to break up. Tom was taking his leave, when a glance from Tressell detained him.

"I have to thank you very much," said Tressell to Tom Eddis, when the rest had departed, "for having desisted in your narrative."

"It seemed to me," remarked Tom, "that it would be more agreeable to you that I should stop: I did so."

"I owe you much gratitude," said Tressell, hurriedly; "but—but there are only us three here now: will you continue what you were about to relate?"

"Certainly," answered Tom, looking rather troubled, but filling his pipe in a composed and deliberate manner.

"Forgive me, Royston," and Tressell turned to Jack, "for seeming to intrude on you in this manner; I am aware it is quite time we should take our leave."

"Not a bit of it," answered Jack; "only put more grog in your glasses, and I'll shut the window, for the morning wind blows rather sharply."

Tom had now relighted his pipe, and was smoking calmly, with regular intervals between each puff, for he was something bewildered at the strange manner of Tressell.

"I have very little to tell," he began: "I was merely going to state that, on the eve of the 13th of May, the date against which the cross is made in the almanack, and also the date on which I started on my mission to Egypt and Turkey,"—he paused, as though to allow his audience time to be impressed with the importance of his journey,—"I was looking out of my garret-window, at the end of Essex Street. If it were light, you could see the window from here. It is a lofty situation and commands a fine view. You can see the Crystal Palace easily. I used to sit there and smoke in the evening. I am curious, I am; it's part of my character; a weak part, perhaps, but that I can't help. I was in the habit of foxing off the neighborhood; that means"—to Tressell, who looked up at the word—"taking stock of, watching, reconnoitring, through a powerful glass which I possess, and which I have had for some time;

it was particularly useful to me during the campaign I served in Hungary, under Georgei;" Jack started; it was the first time he had heard of Tom's connection with the Hungarian struggle; "indeed," Tom went on, puffing with an air of consummate magnificence, "the glass was given by that general. I was looking towards the Temple—why, I knew not—probably I was taking a sort of mental farewell of Jack and his rooms. Not that he knew I was living so near, though. It was half-past seven: it's astonishing the lot of clocks you can hear from my window. It was rather dusk, still one could see pretty plainly, and I was looking through a glass. I saw a man at the second-floor window of a house in this row. It was not this house, but next door."

"It was the window of my room," said Tressell, feebly: "go on."

"He opened the window hurriedly, and looked out. There was a strange anxiety of manner about him that made me watch him. He looked over his shoulder, then down, then up, and ended in stepping on to the window-sill. I confess I was puzzled to know what his game was."

Tressell wiped his forehead. Jack stared. Tom quietly took in the proceedings of both with a glance, and continued:—

"Close to this window there is a pipe for carrying off the rain-water. We'll step out into the gutter afterwards, and I shall be able to point it out to you better. You can reach it, stretching out from the window below. The man stood on the window-sill, and holding on with his left hand to the cords of an outside Venetian blind attached to the window, with the other he struck out to grasp the top of the pipe. He missed his grasp; his hand struck against the pipe, but not high enough to clutch the mouth of it. He overbalanced, and would have fallen, but for his hold on the ropes of the blind. He yet retained one foot on the window-sill, however, and so, with what little help he could get by leaning against the pipe, he contrived to ease a little his strain on the cords, and to keep himself up. I watched him with interest. I thought it was all over with him."

Tom took a drink.

"I kept my eye on him. He appeared to be endeavoring, still keeping his elbow pressed against the pipe—it must have been a fearful strain—endeavoring to get something out of

his breast pocket. I saw what it was at last. It was a large knife. He bent down his head, and opened the blade with his teeth. I confess that I admired the pluck of the fellow. This takes some time to tell—it did not occupy nearly so long in action. Well, he opened the knife, and pushing against it with his hand and body,—not leaving go the cord on one side, you understand, nor removing his elbow from the pipe on the other,—he contrived to thrust the knife in between two bricks. By this means he drew himself up, until he was able to rest one knee—the right—on the projecting haft of the knife, when, reaching up cautiously, he was at length in a position to clutch the mouth of the pipe. This time he succeeded, and still drawing himself up,—it was not a nice task, and I felt rather sick at seeing him do it,—he gained the top of the pipe, and to this parapet, leaving the knife sticking in the wall.”

“Well,” said Jack, nervously, “well, he got up; was that all you saw?”

“No,” replied Tom, puffing a cloud of smoke, as though to envelope himself in an oracular mist; “no, it wasn’t. He got on to the parapet, and found himself just opposite the window of the chambers next to these, which were at that time to let.”

“Yes,” said Jack, “Smithers didn’t come in until midsummer.”

“Well, he tried the window of the empty room, but couldn’t open it. Cat-like in his movements, he came on stealthily to the next window—the window of the very room we’re sitting in!”

“By Jove!” cried Jack faintly.

“That window was also fastened, however.”

“I know. I closed it before I went out.”

“Yes. But it was more in use than the window of the empty room. He pressed against it, shook it, pushed one side of the frame up, the other down—it opened, and he got in—here.”

Tressell stood up, pressing his hands against his head.

“By Jove! And he fastened the window after him?”

“Yes. He came back after a minute, and looked out.”

“You saw his face, then—well?”

“I did.”

“What was he like?”

“As well as I could see—it was rather dusk—he was young, spare, beneath the

middle stature, though taller than me, I dare say. He wore a beard, rather light in color. What bothered me was, that somehow the face seemed familiar to me. Somewhere I had seen the man before.”

Tressell glanced earnestly at Tom.

“Where I had seen him I cannot think. His look, as he gazed down at the danger he had surmounted—”

Tressell hid his face, and leant against the mantel-shelf.

“By Heaven!” cried Tom, warmly, “I shall never forget his face as he looked out. It was the most ghastly thing I ever saw in my life. It seemed perfectly livid with fear. I could fancy a cold faintness had come over him—that a cry of agony was bubbling from his lips—that a sickening sensation of horror had almost paralyzed him. He closed the window—”

“And sank back,” said Tressell, in a strange, hoarse voice,—“sank back, a corpse, in the very chair in which you are now sitting.”

Tom Eddis started; but, recovering himself, puffed his pipe more violently, and through the mist thus created stared steadily at Tressell.

“It is time,” said Tressell, in a low voice, “that I should give my share of explanation. You remember, Royston, my coming up here? I knew you slightly before, and am proud that we have been intimate and friends since. You remember my gathering the particulars of your finding the body here?”

“I remember, certainly.”

“And our going afterwards to view the body?”

“Yes; perfectly.”

“And that I failed to identify it?”

“You did so.”

“Yes,” cried Tressell, passionately, “I did not recognize it, because *I would not!* but—it was the body of my own child!”

“Yours, Tressell!”

“Mine! My own child! My only son!”

There was a dead silence. At length, in a subdued manner, Tressell said,—

“You will condemn me, perhaps, for acting as I did. It must seem to you heartless—cruel. But hear me first. I will be as brief as I can, with justice to you—to myself—to him who is gone. My name, as you know, is Tressell—Bryan Tressell. I come of a very old Cornish family. I am aware I am speak-

ing to men who will not greatly sympathize with any sentimental pride of lineage; but, from my earliest childhood, I was impressed to be proud of my name; and I have been proud of it—too proud, perhaps. On my coming of age—my father died in my youth—the possession of large landed property in the extreme west of Cornwall devolved upon me. Some few years afterwards I married one whom I loved dearly—tenderly. But in the first year of our marriage my wife died, giving birth to twin children—a boy and girl. God only knows how terribly I suffered. However, I hugged my children to my heart, and loved them as I had loved her who died to give them to me. Pardon me if I am tedious. My children grew up. My little Laura, all that her mother had been; my son, Hugh—” His voice failed him, and he stopped.

“It is hard—strange,” he went on faintly, after a time, “to hear such a story from a father’s lips. But it must be told. As though the good and bad qualities that compose the nature of a human being had been, in this case, divided between the twins, in Laura every virtue seemed to be centred, in Hugh was gathered every vice. Sullen and crafty as a boy, these errors grew upon him as he advanced in years. He appeared to be without any perception of right and wrong, had not the slightest regard for truth, and no appreciation of honor or principle. I sought in every way to awaken in him a sense of what was right, what was due to himself and to others in these respects. In vain. He was abroad with his tutor. To my astonishment, acceptances in my name for large amounts were presented to me for payment. A mere boy, he had lost money at the gaming-table, and relieved himself from the embarrassments so entailed upon him by these forgeries. I paid the bills. I went to him, remonstrated with him, urged upon him the crime he had committed. He seemed overwhelmed with grief and remorse—promised amendment—expressed extreme contrition. It was but a trick to be rid of me. Hardly had I arrived home when further acceptances appeared, given since my leaving him. They afterwards came in incessantly. But my fortune was ample. With an aching heart I met the claims upon me, still hoping—praying—that the worst had come, and that exposure and shame might yet be averted, and my name

saved from dishonor. But I had yet more to undergo. By and by his course on the Continent was to be learnt by his crimes, as a wounded man is traced by his blood. At Genoa, he was horsewhipped by an Englishman for cheating at cards. At Naples, he was apprehended on a charge of conspiring, with a gang of others, for purposes of fraud. At Florence, he was arrested as a forger and coiner, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. In every foreign town had his name become known as a synonym of infamy. He had long before this thrown off all the control I ever possessed over him. If they contained no remittance, or but expostulations on his conduct, my letters were returned to me without comment. He had insulted and dismissed the gentleman appointed to travel with him. All my urgent entreaties that he should return home he had met with contempt, or answered by defiance. Once again had I gone myself to seek him, and endeavor, by my presence, to stimulate him to a sense of his duty, not only as a son, but as a man. I encountered him in the public gaming-room at Baden. My remonstrances were met by insults—more—at his hands—aye, from my own child—God, that I should live to tell it!—I received blows! He struck me in the presence of a room crowded with spectators!” His voice trembled so, he was unable to continue for some minutes.

“You can judge to what a depth he had fallen, how completely I had abandoned all hope of his reformation, when I tell you it was almost with pleasure I learnt of his incarceration at Florence. The prison walls would at least prevent the perpetration of new infamies. I even prayed—Heaven forgive me if there was impiety in that prayer!—that he might not living quit that prison. Oh, do not think me harsh or unnatural! Mine is no heart of iron. I loved that boy, whose baby form I had pressed against my heart so often; over whose cradle I had so often hung, praying for strength to do a father’s duty by my children! I loved him. He might have lavished my fortune to the last farthing—insulted me—struck me—and I had loved him still. But he disgraced my name. Oh, Heaven! did I too proudly seek to keep it unsullied? and is this humiliation my punishment? It is severe—it is severe!”

Much agitated, he rose and walked hurriedly about the room. No one spoke.

Gradually becoming more collected, he resumed his seat and continued :—

"My fortune was ample; but it had received a severe shock. My unhappy son had had no conscience—no hesitation—in his fraud. He had poured on these false bills. It was only an occasional flow of good fortune, or some successful scheme of fraud, that interrupted the regularity of their appearance. To meet these engagements coming in at all times, and for all amounts, I had made large sacrifices, and had been at times considerably embarrassed to find the sums required. I had even been compelled to apply the money I had set apart for the benefit of my daughter Laura. Then was started a company for working a mine alleged to have been discovered in the neighborhood of my estates. I wish to tire you with no prolonged narrative. The scheme was opened to me, and appeared to promise very important results. Anxious to recover, if possible, the amounts I had been compelled to expend on my son's behalf, and believing in the venture, I invested largely. Suffice it to say, the whole speculation was a bubble and a fraud. Enormous claims were made upon me. I met them all. No demand to the extent of the smallest coin but what I met in full. At what a sacrifice! I was compelled to resign every thing. Estates that had been in my family for years, which were some of the most famous in the country as prolonged hereditary properties, passed from me, and were sold for the benefit of my creditors. They were all paid. No man is in a position to say he has suffered one farthing loss on my account. With much to be sorry for, with a heart aching almost to agony, I may yet be proud of this. I left Cornwall, dispossessed of every acre in it, and too late in life to hope, as Hastings did, commencing his career, to repossess once more the old ancestral manse. My poor child Laura went for a short time to reside with some relations of her mother. I came to London—it always seems a Goleonda to a poor and absent man—came to London, to seek a livelihood by my pen. I had ever been possessed of literary tastes. I worked hard for very small pay. Still I could live, and, hoping to secure some appointment, from connection with a member of the Government, qualified for the bar. I did not then reside here, but in lodgings in a suburban district, where after a time my daughter joined me. It is wonderful with what a strong and endur-

ing courage a woman's gentle nature—the sacrifice once become inevitable—acquiesces in reverses of fortune even the most cruel. For Laura the change—no less than the main cause of it—was indeed terrible. She bore it nobly. If she sorrowed, it was only because she could see how acutely I felt the severity of our reverse. Her love and her tenderness for me seemed to redouble. For a time we were almost happy, when, one day, my son appeared before me. Attired in rags, and fearfully emaciated, he was scarcely recognizable. With a gang of other prisoners he had effected a most daring escape from confinement, and, partly by begging, and partly by less honest means, had contrived to make his way through the Continent. How he had evaded the vigilance of the police and crossed the frontiers, I have never been able to understand. Probably, however, his course of life had introduced him to the brotherhood of the fraudulent, and everywhere he might meet men at whose hands, as followers of a like profession, he was entitled to claim assistance. With the Continental police, moreover, there is a dangerous understanding with the dishonest. He had made his way into Switzerland, and somehow gained employment for a while as a common laborer on a railroad constructing there. Then, purloining the passport of a brother workman, he had journeyed to the North of France, crossed in a fishing-boat to Jersey, and thence worked his way over in a sailing vessel to Plymouth. From there he had begged his way to the old home in Cornwall, only to find it tenantless, and his injured family gone he could scarcely ascertain whither. But he had found us out at last.

"What is it you seek?" I asked.

"Food, first of all. I am starving."

"His wants in this respect were attended to."

"And now?"

"Money."

"I have none. You have taken care of that."

"I don't want reproaches," he answered. "I want money. I must have it, too."

"I have none. You are spared one crime now. My name is no longer of any use—not even to myself."

"Overdrawn the account, have I?" he said, with a cruel laugh; "smashed the bank? Well, that's bad. It can't be helped now. Don't speak. We'd better not talk too much."

You don't want me here, I know. Give me money. I'll go to America, and never come back.'

"I made great efforts, and at last succeeded in raising a sum sufficient to meet his demands. He left England. One unhappy incident of my obtaining this money was that I was compelled to part with the companionship of my daughter. Our means had become so pinched, and my health too uncertain to enable me to rely upon accomplishing the same amount of labor, as usual, that she, unknown to me, sought for, and secured, a situation as governess in a wealthy family in the North of England. She applied to me for my sanction to her leaving me to undertake this position. I did not dare to restrain so noble an example of her courage and her devotion. But the parting was a cruel trial to both of us. I then gave up my lodgings and moved into the Temple, making my chambers down-stairs, which I had before taken for professional purposes, my residence. Two years sped along in this way. I had worked very hard, and achieved some success. Laura gave the most flattering accounts of her welfare in the North, and seemed to experience every kindness from the family with whom she resided. At length came a letter from my son, bearing the Paris postmark. I trembled as I saw it. I knew by it that he had returned to Europe. A strange sensation of sickness came over me as I read it. It was not long. It gave a short narrative of his career since he had left England. He was now in Paris, utterly destitute. I remitted to him a small amount, and two days afterwards he presented himself before me. There was no attempt at any courtesy between us.

"'You're not glad to see me,' he said. 'I didn't come here because I thought you would be. You know that, and know, too, what did bring me here.'

"'Hugh,' I said, as calmly as I was able; 'look around you. Does this look like a rich man's dwelling? Every farthing that comes in here is earned—earned hardly. I have no money to give you.'

"'I knew you'd say that,' he answered, 'and end by giving me some. I don't care how it is earned. How much are you going to let me have?'

"'Why did you leave America?'

"'It didn't agree with my health.' He laughed in his old, cruel manner. 'And at

Paris they hinted to me that I had better go. They told me I kept bad company; was the known companion of some *suspects*; that if I didn't go of my own will where I liked out of France, I should be sent at their instance where perhaps I didn't like—to Cayenne. So I came back to London.'

"'Hugh,' I said, 'there must be an end to this. I have borne it too long already. To any feeling of reverence for me, or respect to my condition, I have ceased to appeal. Nothing will induce you to withhold your demands but one consideration—that they will be made in vain. I will give you nothing.'

"'Nothing—eh?' he replied. 'Where's Laura?'

"'I started: there seemed a strange menace in his mode of inquiry. 'Why do you wish to know?'

"'No matter. If it's all over between my father and me,' he said, with a sneer, 'surely I may go to my sister. You won't tell me her address? No matter. I'll soon find it out. She'll be glad to see me, and give me money, peshaps, for coming to see her; at any rate, money not to come again. It's very strong, is family affection.'

"'With this strange burst he quitted me. Two days after I received a letter from Laura, full of the wonted evidences of her love and her hopefulness, and enclosing a small sum of money, poor child!—little more than ten pounds, the result of her savings during the past half year. The amount was remitted in post-office orders. I caused them to be cashed. It so happened that the money was paid all in sovereigns. At this time Hugh called again. There was a more than ordinary appearance of recklessness in his look and manner.

"'I am here again, as you see,' he said. 'I've not found Laura yet. But don't fear; I shall find her. Will you give me her address?'

"'I will not.'

"'You declare war, then?' he cried—'defy me, do you? Take care. I'm not one to lie down gently and die without kicking, I can tell you. I'll not starve if there's bread to be had—money to be got. I'll steal—murder—if need be. I'll not die such a dog's death as starvation.'

"'There's a worse dog's death than that.'

"'He turned pale.

"'Give me money,' he said, 'and let me

go. Don't drive me to the worst. Don't drive me mad, or I shan't know who I'm turning against. I've not tasted food since yesterday morning. Nothing but some brandy has passed my lips. Give me money!

"I have none to give you."

"None! with a heap there shining up the lie into your face!"

"He pointed at Laura's money, which was on the table before me, and made as though he would grasp at it. I covered it with my hands."

"Stand off!" I cried; "as you value your life, touch not a coin of this."

"Why not?"

"This money is not mine. It is a sacred trust in my hands, and I will part with my life sooner than with one farthing of it. Stand off!"

"If it came to a struggle, old gentleman—"

"He seemed about to make a rush upon me. I took a pistol from the drawer of the table at which I was standing."

"Stand off!" I cried. "Diminish the distance between us by one step, and as there is a heaven above us I will shoot you dead!"

"He stared at me wildly and irresolutely. He was ghastly pale. I knew then—what I did not know before—he was a coward."

"Listen," I said. "You have been careful to sever every tie between us. Do not complain; do not be surprised that I acquiesce in this severance. You have ceased to regard me as a father; I cease henceforth to regard you as a son. You have renounced me by your every action—disowned me: I now renounce you as a son—I disown you. You are no more a child of mine. Go! Do what you list. Die worthlessly, as you have lived, if you will. Show your face here again, and I will hand you over to the police as a common thief. Let me find you here, seeking wrongful possession of this money entrusted to my care, and I swear that with this right hand, and with this pistol, I will shoot you down remorselessly as I would a wild beast. Now go!"

"He did not speak, but rose and made for the door, the perspiration standing out in large drops on his forehead. He closed the door after him, and hurried off precipitately. This was on the 9th of May. I never saw him again alive. I am in the habit of being absent from my chambers regularly between the hours of six and eight to half-past in the evening during which time I have dinner, and

take a little exercise in the Strand, or in the Gardens. Returning home on the 11th of May, I was struck with the idea that some one had been in my rooms during my absence. There was a disarrangement of the furniture; and a small sum of money I had carelessly left upon the table was gone. On the following day, the 12th, something—I forget what—probably the notion that there was rain impending, or one of those vague presentiments which affect us all inexplicably at times, induced me to return home half an hour earlier than my usual time. To my dismay, I found the room in confusion. A small desk, in which I had placed Laura's money, had been broken open, and the money taken away. I knew then the author of the theft. I discovered that my door had been opened by means of a skeleton key, which still remained in the lock. My impression was that the thief was secreted somewhere on the premises. I made a search—a futile one. I went up-stairs to the empty rooms over mine. There appeared no trace of recent entry. Yet I sat for hours at my room-door, waiting to see if he would descend. At length I retired to rest. My slumber during the night was broken; but I heard nothing of the noise occasioned by the discovery in your room. The next morning the story was rife throughout the Temple. I visited these rooms. I inspected the body at the dead-house, keeping careful guard over myself. I said nothing; but I knew it was the body of my son. On my return home I looked to the window, the only means by which he could have gained the floor above without passing up the stairs. I found a large knife sticking into the wall; on the handle, rudely cut, the letters H. B. T.—Hugh Bryan Tressel; and his mode of procedure—one of terrible danger—was apparent. You, sir," turning to Tom, "have supplied the particulars of his escape from the window."

"And his death?" asked Jack, breathlessly.

"He was disturbed in his operations of theft by the sound of my returning steps on the stairs," replied Tressel, "and knew I should keep my word if I found him. Fear will sometimes make cowards do deeds of rashness, such as brave men shrink from. Only a madman, or one panic-stricken would have attempted the feat he performed. It was too much for him. The fright killed him."

In the Tressell family there has ever been an hereditary disposition to disease of the heart. His strength was undermined, too, by dissipation and, perhaps, want of food." His voice trembled as he said this. "When he looked out of that window, and comprehended fully the hideous struggle with death in which he had been engaged, a terrible reaction came over him. He closed the window convulsively, and staggered to that chair, never to quit it alive. Heaven smote him down, the proceeds of his heartless robbery yet new upon him."

Tressell was white and trembling as he spoke. He shivered almost, as with cold.

"It is broad daylight," said he. "Pardon my having detained you so long. But I thought it only right—the more so as this gentleman was able to add to the chain of mystery a link, which, beyond connecting me with the story, did little else towards its unravelling—I thought it only just that you should be put in possession of the facts in my knowledge attending the strange death in this room. The world believes my unhappy son, notoriously a profligate, to have ended his wretched career obscurely abroad. My daughter shares that belief. That the truth is otherwise, and what that truth is, is known only to us three men here, and to God. Let the shame and the scandal remain so concealed. Thank you for your interest and sympathy. God bless you both! Good-by!" and he was gone.

There was silence for some minutes.

"Jack I shall get out on the parapet. I

must have another pipe after all this. I must have a smoke and a think."

"So be it. I shall turn in, I think. Not that I'm sleepy. Good-night!"

"Good-night? and the light glaring in in this way, and the morning air blowing about as exhilarating as the best champagne! Day and night! Give over such unmeaning divisions of time,—I have done so long since,—and say good-by, if you mean leaving me."

"Good-by, then."

"One moment. He's a fine old man that from next door. I must read his book. He's a curious look about him. I once thought his upper story wasn't altogether wind-and-water tight, and yet I think he's sane too."

"Good-by."

"A moment, Jack. I wish I had a dual existence."

"A what?"

"A dual existence. I wish I was two selves. I should like to be another self looking out of my window in Essex Street, and foxing off this self sitting here on your parapet smoking like Etna!"

"Hum! Take another glass, and you'll have dual vision. That will be a step towards what you want. Good-by!"

"Another moment, Jack. I've been thinking again. I tell you what. The real Temple tragedy will be when you cut these rooms and marry Bella Brownsmith!"

Was Jack blushing, or was it only the rosy rays of morning playing upon his face?

"Tom, you're a villain! Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

A MANUAL OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF VOICE AND SPEECH.—By James Hunt, Ph. D., etc., etc., Author of "A Treatise on the Cure of Stammering," etc.—A series of articles or treatises on questions connected with voice, speech, singing, and speaking. Sometimes the papers treat of physical subjects, as respiration, the vocal apparatus, the organs of articulation, the production of the voice. At others, they are devoted to more philosophical or metaphysical questions, as language in general, the elements of speech, the origin of language, and a survey of languages. Then we go to English in particular and writing in general. Matters more directly within range of the author's practice close the book, including defective articulation, disorders of the voice, its cultivation, and management, the whole culminating and terminating in what words were given for, "oratory and public speaking."

The book is an admitted compilation. Indeed the subjects are too numerous to admit of its being otherwise. But Mr. Hunt has introduced

the results of his own consideration of the questions, especially in reference to his professional experience. The "Mannuel" is a vast repository of facts and opinions relating to the physical organs of utterance, and of utterance itself, from the lower animantia to man, and of the various questions connected with voice and language. These facts, too, are curious and useful. Of the curious, Colombat's idea may be mentioned, that he had succeeded in forming a "notation of the cries arising from various pains." Actual cautery or burning is expressed in thirds; the first treble C and E, both notes being minims. The surgeon's knife elicits an octave; G on the treble stave as a demi-semi-quaver, passing (legato) into G on the stave as a semibreve, which may be prolonged ad libitum, or where the performer may introduce some extempore passage to show his taste. The cry caused by sudden danger extends to a ninth, the first treble C as a crotchet, rising to D on the stave as a minim, and so on.—*Spectator*.

CONSUL HARRIS IN JAPAN.

[These letters, says the Washington Union, were not intended for the public eye.]

U. S. CONSULATE GENERAL, }
SIMODA, Japan, July 3, 1858. }

MY DEAR —:—You are aware that I brought with me to this country a letter from the President of the United States, addressed to the Emperor of Japan. In the month of October, 1856, I wrote to the Government of Yeddo that I wished to go to that city for the purpose of delivering the letter with which I had been intrusted. It would not interest you to read an account of the various means used by the Japanese to induce me to deliver the letter at Simoda, nor to read an account of the negotiations thereupon, which were *spun out* for some ten months. At last, finding that I could not be moved from my original determination, they yielded all the points at issue, and agreed that I should go to Yeddo, and deliver the letter, at a public audience, to the Emperor. This was a decided success, and I drew favorable omens from this removal of the great barrier which had hitherto prevented a personal communication with the Government. More than two months were consumed by the Japanese in making their preparations for my journey and for my reception at Yeddo. I was informed that the Emperor had given orders that I should receive the same honors as are paid to the princes of the blood, as well on the road as in the towns and villages through which I would pass. I was told that the Vice-Governor of Simoda would attend me, in the character of a courier, and that he would implicitly obey all my instructions.

My train numbered some one hundred and fifty persons, composed of guards (my own), norrimon-bearers, cooks, grooms, shoe-bearers, cane-bearers, fan-bearers, and last, though not least, a standard-bearer, and a large number of coolies. I had permitted the Japanese to arrange and dress my train according to their ideas of propriety, and what they conceived was due to the representative of the President of the United States. My guards, each with two swords in the girdle, and clad in new silk dresses, as they swelled and strutted about, appeared to be "mightily uplifted in heart," while they and my bearers and grooms appeared to have "broken out" all over their bodies with "spread eagles," as the back, breast and sleeves of their dresses were sprinkled over with the arms of the United States, which were neatly painted on them. I performed the journey partly on horseback and partly in a norrimon, which is the Japanese name for a palanquin. The Japanese norrimon will compare with the celebrated iron cages of the Cardinal Balne of France, in which the poor inmate could neither lie down

nor stand up. In the norrimon the Japanese kneel and place their feet close together, and then sit on their heels; if they wish to repose themselves they lean forward, and rest the chin on their knees, so that the body and limbs form three horizontal folds or piles—a position that they assume and keep without annoyance from long practice, and from the great flexibility of their joints, but which is almost unattainable by a white man, and is absolutely unendurable.

I had a norrimon made for me seven feet long, and in it I put a mattress and pillows, which made it as comfortable as the Indian palanquin; but of all the modes of travelling, the camel, the elephant, and the palanquin are the most fatiguing.

On the lovely morning of Monday, Nov. 23, I started for the long-desired goal of my wishes—Yeddo. Four lads, with small bamboo wands, led the way as harbingers, and their voices sounded quite musical as they sang the Japanese words for "clear the way," "clear the way," "kneel down," "kneel down." Next followed a Japanese officer on horseback; then came a large lackered tablet, bearing my name and titles in immense Chinese characters. The tablet was supported by two huge transparent lanterns, which bore similar inscriptions. (When I halted, the tablet was placed in front of my quarters, and at night the lanterns were lighted and hung up over the gate of the house.) Next came a stout fellow, bearing the "stars and stripes," with four guards. I followed either on horseback or in my norrimon, and attended by twelve guards. Next came Mr. Heuskin (interpreter), and after him I do not recollect how it was arranged, except that the Vice Governor brought up the rear.

For the first three days the route was entangled among mountains and deep ravines which compose the peninsula of Idsu. The path (for it could not be called a road) was narrow, and in many places was formed by cutting steps in the Jufa rocks, and sometimes it ran over mountains four thousand feet high. On the second day I reached Ugasima, and as I emerged from the gorges of Mount Amagi I had my first view of "Fusi Yama," the "Matchless Mountain." The sight was grand beyond description. As viewed from the Temple at Ugasima, the mountain appears to be entirely isolated, and shoots up in a glorious and perfect cone ten thousand feet high! It was covered with snow, and in the bright sunlight it glittered like frosted silver. In its majestic solitude it struck me as being even more grand and imposing than the celebrated Dwhalgi of the Himmala mountains. For the first two nights I was lodged in temples, which had been

fitted up for me, with new bath-rooms and other appliances to contribute to my comfort. On the evening of the third day I arrived at Missima, a town on the To-ky-do, or great East road, and from thence to Yeddo the road is wide and good. On the great roads of Japan nice buildings are erected for the accommodation of the princes when they travel; they are called Howjin; and it was in them that I had my quarters for the remainder of my journey.

On my arrival at one of these buildings the Vice-Governor would hasten to compliment me on my arrival, and ask after my health. On one occasion I asked him to come into the house, but he shook his head, and said he dared not do it, as only those of "exalted rank" could enter a Howjin; yet this man has received some thirty steps of promotion, wears the imperial arms on his sleeve, and is the "Leader of One Thousand Stars"—i.e., the commander of one thousand soldiers.

My first day's journey on the To-ky-do was over the Mountain Hacone, which is some four thousand five hundred feet high. After I had passed the crest of the mountain, and had descended about one-third of the way I came to a perfect *bijou* of a rest house. Every thing was in miniature. The house was new, and nothing could exceed its neatness. A miniature garden adorned the rear, the trees were dwarfed to the smallest of possible sizes. Here were tiny temples and grottoes, and bridges so *petite* that nothing heavier than a fairy could walk over them. A canal and fish-pond, paved with snow-white pebbles, were filled with water of crystal clearness; the gold and silver fish, however, were of enormous size, some being quite two feet long, and a gray-headed old carp appeared to be the patriarch of the finny family.

The passage of Mount Hacone was not completed until after nightfall; but I did not regret being belated, as it afforded me the novel sight of my train brilliantly lighted by a large number of huge bamboo torches. As the train twisted and turned among the descents of the mountain, it looked like the tail of a huge fiery dragon. On reaching the plain I was met by the authorities of the city of Odowara and a whole army of lanterns, of all imaginable sizes and colors, each being decorated with the arms of its owner, and the whole forming an *ensemble* that was lively and pleasing. I passed Sunday, the 29th of November, at Kawasaki. This is the town that Chaplain Bitteringer reached when he made his celebrated dash at Yeddo. [See Commodore Perry's Journal of the Japan Expedition.] From my first arrival in Japan up to the present day I have always refused to transact any business or to travel on Sunday. I soon got the Japanese to understand

my motive, and I am sure it has increased their respect for me.

The roads were all repaired and cleanly swept on the whole of my route before I passed; bridges were put in order, and many new ones built; all travel on the road was stopped, so that I did not see those crowds of travellers, priests, nuns, etc., described by Kempfer; the shops in all the towns and villages were closed (except cook-shops and tea-houses), and the inhabitants, clad in their holiday clothes, knelt on mats spread in front of their houses; not a sound was heard, nor a gesture indicative of curiosity seen; all was respectful silence. The people were ordered to cast down their eyes as I passed, as I was too high even to be looked at; but this order was only partially obeyed, for the dear daughters of Eve would have a peep, regardless of consequences. The authorities of the towns and villages met me at their boundaries, and saluted me by kneeling and "knocking head;" they then led the way through their little jurisdictions, and took leave by similar prostrations.

To you, who know me so well, I trust I need not say that these ceremonies and slavish observances but ill agreed with my simple habits, and that they were utterly repugnant to my sincere Republican principles. But what could I do? I knew that the ultimate success of the *real* object of my mission to Yeddo did, in fact, very much depend on the state and ceremony which was observed on my journey, and which would attend my entry into Yeddo. Such being my feelings and opinions, I did not, on the one hand, demand any of these honors, nor, on the other, refuse them when offered to me.

On Monday, the 30th of November, I made my entry into Yeddo. My followers put on their camissimes, or dresses of ceremony, decorated with any quantity of eagles.

I should not have known when I passed the line which separates Sinagana from Yeddo had the spot not been pointed out to me, as the houses form a continuous street for some miles before you reach the actual boundary of the city. From the gate by which I entered the city to my quarters was about seven miles. The streets of Yeddo are divided into sections of one hundred and twenty yards by gates and palisades of strong timber. This enables the police to isolate any portion of the city, or any line running through it, and thus prevent the assembling of crowds or mobs. When we approached a gate it was opened, and as soon as the rear had passed through it was closed. The gates of all the cross streets were also kept closed. I could see immense crowds beyond the gates, but the people on our actual line of march were those only that occupied the buildings on the route.

Notwithstanding all this, the number that assembled was prodigious. The centre of the way was kept clear, and the crowd kept back by ropes stretched along each side of the street. The assemblage was composed of men, women, and children, of all ranks and conditions—the women being the larger number. I estimated the two lines of people that extended along the way, from my entrance into the city to the place provided for my residence, to have been full three hundred thousand. Yet in all this vast concourse I did not hear a word, except the constant cry of the Harbingers, *Sátu, sátu!*

You may think it impossible that silence could have been maintained among so large a number of women, but I assure you it was so.

The house prepared for me was situated within the fourth circle of the castle, or aristocratic portion of the city, and large enough to accommodate five hundred persons, in the Japanese manner.

On my arrival I was warmly welcomed by my good friend the Prince of Sinano, who showed me the various provisions that had been made for my accommodation and comfort, and which included chairs, tables, bedsteads, etc., none of which are used by the Japanese.

The following day the Prince of Tamba visited me in great state. He said he came as a "special ambassador" from the Emperor to congratulate me on my arrival, and to ask after my health. After receiving these compliments, and making a suitable reply, the Prince pointed to a large box which he said was a present to me from His Majesty. I found the box contained five large trays of bon-bons, weighing over one hundred pounds.

I subsequently visited the hereditary Prince of Hotta, Chief of the great Council of State and Minister for Foreign Affairs. The visit was a pleasant one, and the arrangements for my audience were completed. I gave the Prince a copy of my intended speech to the Emperor, and before I left he gave a copy of the reply the Emperor would make to me. By this arrangement, the speeches being both translated beforehand, we would be enabled to dispense with the presence of interpreters at the audience. On the Monday week after my arrival I set out for the Palace. My train blazed out in new silk dresses, and my guard wore their breeches rolled up to the middle of the thigh. You must know that the wearing of breeches in Japan is a mark of high rank, or, if worn by an inferior, that he is in the service of one of the highest rank; so that the wearing of breeches here is as much coveted as it is said to be in certain quarters in America, and that here, as well as in America, the article is a type or emblem of power or authority. A new flag, made of Japanese

crape, was carried before me. This flag is the first foreign banner that was ever carried through this great city, and I mean to preserve it as a precious relic. The distance from my residence to the Palace was over two miles. On arriving at the bridge over the third moat, or ditch, all my train left their horses and norrimons and proceeded on foot. I continued in my norrimon, and was carried over three moats, and through as many fortified gateways up to the gate of the Palace itself. I was received at the entrance by two chamberlains, who, having "knocked head," conducted me to an apartment where I found a chair for my use. Tea, bon-bons, and other refreshments, were then offered to me. A large number of the Princes came to be presented to me. At length I was told the Emperor was ready to receive me. I passed through a large hall in which some three hundred to four hundred of the high nobles of Japan, all dressed in their court dresses, were kneeling, and as silent and as motionless as statues; and from this hall I entered the audience chamber. At this moment a chamberlain called out, in a loud voice, "Merrican Ambassador," and the Prince of Sinano threw himself down and crawled along as I walked in. Mr. Heusken, my secretary, who carried the President's letter, halted at the entrance. I advanced up the room, making three bows as I proceeded, and halted at the head of two lines of men, who were prostrate on their faces; those on my right were the five members of the Council of State, with the Prince of Bittsu at their head, and those on the left were three brothers of the Emperor.

His Majesty was seated on a chair placed on a dais, elevated some three feet above the floor of the chamber. He was dressed in yellow silk, and wore a black lackered cap that utterly defies description. After a short pause, I made my address to him, and, after a similar pause, he replied to me in a clear and pleasant voice. When the Emperor had finished, Mr. Heusken brought the President's letter to me. I removed the silk cover (striped, red and white), opened the box, and displayed the writing to the Prince of Bittsu, who now stood up. Then, closing the box, I handed it to the Prince, who placed it on a lackered stand prepared for the purpose. Mr. Heusken having retired to his place, and the Prince being again prostrate, the Emperor bowed to me, smiling pleasantly at the same time. This ended my audience, and I backed out of the room, making three bows as I retired.

The usual dress of the Japanese nobles is of silk, but the court dress is made of a coarse yellow grass cloth, and for a coronet they wear a black lackered affair that looks like a distracted night cap. I did not see a single gem, jewel,

or ornament of any kind on the person of the Emperor or on those of his courtiers, who comprised the great nobility of Japan.

From the audience chamber I was taken to another room, where I found the five great councillors of State, who, having been presented to me, congratulated me on my audience, and expressed their wonder and astonishment at what they called my "greatness of heart." When I asked for an explanation, they said that they were filled with admiration to see me stand erect, look the awful "Tycoon" in the face, speak plainly to him, hear his reply—and all this without any trepidation, or any "quivering of the muscles of the side." I write all this to let you see that the Japanese Princes understand the use of court compliments. I was then shown a present of fifteen silken robes from His Majesty, and was taken to a room where a banquet, set out on sixty trays, twelve inches high, was prepared for my single stomach. There was food enough for one hundred hungry men!

You must know that the dinner trays (like the breeches) are a mark of rank in Japan; and the rank indicated by the height of the trays, which vary from three to twelve inches in height. Again, if the trays are lackered, it diminishes the honor connected with the actual height of the tray, for it indicates that it can be used on another occasion; but if it be made of unpainted cypress wood, the honor is complete, for it says as plain as words can do, "You are so sublime in your rank that no one can dare to eat from a tray that you have used!" My attention was particularly called both to the height of the trays and to the flattering fact that, "by a special edict," they were made of unvarnished wood. You must know that this same dinner had been the subject of grave discussion, both in Simoda and in Yeddo. They were very anxious I should eat at the Palace. I replied that I would do so cheerfully, provided a person or persons of suitable rank would eat with me; but said that self-respect would forbid my eating at a table where my host or his representative declined to sit down. When I had admired the very neat arrangement of the banquet, I was again asked to sit down. I then said, "Say to His Majesty that I thanked him for his offered entertainment." At last the whole affair was sent to my quarters, where I distributed it among my Simoda followers.

After the exhibition of the dinner, I was reconducted to the room I first entered, and, after I had drunk of the celebrated "powdered tea," I left, being conducted to the entrance by the two chamberlains, who knocked head with all the force that was due to one who had seen "the King, and yet lived." By the way, I forgot to state that the old formula of an

audience, which was "kneel down," "knock-head, so that the bystanders can hear your skull crack," if it ever did exist at the court at Yeddo, was not used in my case. A faint request was made to me, at Simoda, that I would kneel, but I told them the request was offensive, and must not be repeated. That ended it.

My return to Simoda was on a steamer presented to the Japanese by the Dutch, and my subsequent voyages to and from Yeddo were all by water. I do not know the exact date of my return to Simoda. There is a perfect blank in my memory for about twenty days. Suffice it to say, that on the 28th of March I was aware that I was as helpless as a child, and that I was also aware of the serious nature of my illness.

In April I again started for Yeddo, notwithstanding the strong remonstrances of the physicians, and I was so feeble that I was actually carried on board the steamer like a child. Happily no ill effects followed this imprudent, but absolutely necessary, step of mine.

The Emperor manifested the greatest kindness and the most marked solicitude for my perfect restoration to health. He daily sent me some very nice affair that had been prepared in the palace. After about a fortnight of these kind attentions, during which time I was rapidly gaining strength, His Majesty sent the Prince of Tamba to me to urge the use of a certain remedy, which the Prince described. If you are curious to know what the nature of the remedy was, you can turn to the second verse of the first chapter of the First Book of Kings, "commonly called the Third Book of Kings." In justice to myself, permit me to add that my health has so rapidly improved that I have not used the imperial prescription. The weather during April and May was charming, and each day I felt its influence.

The Japanese pointed out various places of interest, such as temples, gardens, etc., which I visited with benefit to my health and relaxation for my mind. The *Seoby*, or theatres, of Yeddo are three in number. They are all in the north-east part of the city, and only a few yards distant from each other. I intended to visit them, but my friend, the Prince of Sinao, earnestly requested me not to do so. He said no Japanese of rank could go there without being disgraced; that if an imperial officer should be seen there, he would be dismissed the service. He added, "you now stand as high as any man in Japan; why, then, should you wish to cast yourself down from the honorable place you occupy?" Feeling convinced that his statements were correct, and not wishing to do any thing that might lessen my influence as the representative of my country, I did not go. The Jap-

anese have very few amusements; the principal ones are wrestling, jugglers, and *top spinners*.

Nothing analogous to the Rougen of Java, the Nauch girl of India, the Alme of Egypt, the Siva of Polynesia, or the Figurante of Paris is to be met here. A grand match of one hundred of the crack wrestlers of Japan was got up for my amusement. Turn to Commodore Perry's work on Japan, page 431, and you will find a very good lithograph of this amusement. The description he gives of it is very correct, and corresponds with what I saw, with the exception that he says (page 433) that some of the wrestlers butted each other, and "kept up their brutal contest until their foreheads were besmeared with blood," etc.

The jugglers are very clever. One of them made two butterflies of common thin paper. He first raised one of them up in the air by the wind of his fan, made it flutter about his head, alight on his finger, his arm, and his face; he next set the pair in motion, and it was really wonderful to see how natural the action was. They chased each other through the air in circles sometimes horizontal and sometimes vertical; they hovered over the water that was in a china bowl, and at last alighted on the rim of the bowl. The *top-spinners* would produce a sensation in New-York.

For the amusement of your children, and especially for the amusement of the little lady that was so indignant at seeing my likeness exposed in the open air, I will describe the performance.

The exhibitor having spun a top, placed it on a board, where it revolved with great rapidity and steadiness; he then took it up and laid it on its side, where it remained without motion; he then talked to the top, and at the top; and, after making sundry flourishes with his fan, he again placed it upright on the board, and lo! it spun away as merrily as ever. Another top, when lifted up by the spindle, made a noise exactly like your locust when held in the hand. A top was declared to be a female, and having let it spin awhile, he took it up, shook it, and down fell seven distinct tops, all of which whirled merrily round. Another suddenly changed into a lantern, and, after whirling some time, the lamp in the lantern was spontaneously lighted. A piece of sewing thread about five yards long was held extended by two persons; the exhibitor *put a top on this thread*, and it ran from one end to the other, always upright, and constantly revolving. The same feat was performed on the edge of a sword; the top ran from the hilt to the point, and back again to the hilt. I will only describe one more feat. In the courtyard, where the exhibition

took place, a pole some thirty feet high was planted in the ground; from a cross-bar at the top of the pole a small house was suspended (like your martin boxes), and from the door of the house a piece of twine hung down to the ground; the exhibitor placed a spinning top on the palm of his left hand, and seized the twine with his right; then, tossing the top up in the air, he dexterously cast a turn of the twine around the lower spindle, and the top instantly began to ascend the twine, reached the door, which it forced open, entered the house, and then quietly laid down to rest! In all this exhibition there was neither trick nor deception; it was a plain exhibition of skill.

Yours, sincerely, TOWNSEND HARRIS.

P. S.—The distance from Simoda to Yeddo is one hundred and thirty miles by land; by water it is only about eighty miles. I did not describe the cultivation, houses, etc., I saw on the route, for all is an exact counterpart of Simoda, which I have already described to you.

U. S. CONSULATE GENERAL, }

SIMODA, Japan, July 6, 1858. }

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have visited the City of Yeddo twice, and have passed some six months there. In my letter to my friend, Mr. Dougherty, dated July 3, I have given an account of my journey and of the ceremony that attended my audience of the Emperor. The two letters will contain all I have to say about the events of the last seven months. After my first return from Yeddo, I was attacked by a nervous fever, which afterwards assumed a malignant type, and for many days my life was in great danger. Thanks be to God! I recovered, and am now in my usual state of health.

The Emperor and the Council of State manifested the greatest anxiety during my illness, and showed a marked solicitude for my recovery. His Majesty daily sent me kind messages, with presents of fruit, arrow-root, etc.; he also sent down two of his best physicians from Yeddo to attend to me. The doctors sent a daily report of my condition to the Court, and on the receipt there of a bulletin to the effect that I could not recover, the Emperor issued an order to them to *cure me*, and they were at the same time informed that the safety of their heads depended on my recovery. I cannot sufficiently thank those doctors for their unwearied attentions to me. Night and day one of them was always at my bed-side, and they showed all the gentleness and tenderness of a woman in their treatment of me.

Shortly after my audience, I had an interview with the Prince of Bittsu, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the members of the Great

Council of State, when I made an important communication to them, which cannot be repeated here. The interview lasted several hours; and was of great interest. A marked impression was evidently made, and I had only to follow it up to give a hope of ultimate success. After this, I was constantly occupied in giving instruction to the Japanese on international law, on political economy, and explaining the operations of commerce. I found them to be profoundly ignorant of the polity of the Western World. My labor was long, tedious, and difficult. As the ideas I gave them were new, they had no terms in their language to express them; I had, therefore, to illustrate the meaning of many axioms by such allusions to familiar topics as would best convey the ideas. The axiom that "demand and supply regulate each other" took some days to be understood by them, for it brought up the whole principle of entire freedom of action among the producing classes of a country. Now, nothing could possibly be more directly opposed to Japanese ideas and customs than this very freedom of action. The Government interferes in every thing, even in affairs so trifling as to throw an air of ridicule over the whole matter. I labored incessantly to show them that the absence of protection, or interference, on the part of a government was the surest mode of encouraging and developing the industry of a country; I quoted Adam Smith, and all the maxims I could remember; and for examples of the soundness of my views I pointed to the condition of the various States of the Western World, and showed them that the relative prosperity of those States was in exact ratio of the freedom of action which was enjoyed by the people.

It is impossible to give you an idea of the mental anxiety I suffered for months. I was without any adviser or assistant. I had no well-stored library to which I could resort, nor any thing to rely on but my own unaided memory. It cost me many days of care and nights of wakefulness. At length, I began to see that my arguments were about to bear fruit; this stimulated me to make new exertions, and, at last, I made converts of the Emperor (to whom all my arguments were reported), of all the members of the Great Council of State, and many of the Princes. This was followed by the appointment of my old friend, the Prince of Sinano, and the Prince of Higo, as Commissioners to negotiate with me.

At our first meeting we exchanged our powers, and I found theirs to be as full as words could make them; but, before my second interview with them was over, I was convinced that they were in fact, only intermediaries, and that I was, in reality, negotiating with the whole Council of State.

I cannot give you a detail of the negotiations, for that would be to divulge the treaty. When we came to the articles regulating trade, I had to give them a history of the revenue laws, and to enter into very minute details of custom-house regulations, and the manner in which they were executed. My labor was enhanced by the fact that the arguing of any given point, and getting them to agree to its decision, was far from terminating the question; for, after a matter had been deliberately settled, they would, at a subsequent meeting, open it anew, and proceed to argue it as gravely as though it had never been referred to, and there was not one of the articles but what was thus re-argued at least three times, and some of them as many as ten times. In these negotiations I found the benefit of my previous commercial education, and also of the course I had adopted for my intercourse with the Japanese from my first arrival in the country, which was to be particularly careful to be perfectly exact in every statement I made to them, and to be cautious how I took any position; but, when it was once taken, never to recede from it. As the negotiations proceeded (annoying and embarrassing as they were in many respects), I was cheered by seeing that my labors would ultimately be crowned with a success far beyond my most sanguine expectations. At length a treaty was agreed on, and ordered to be engrossed.

You are well aware that I am not permitted to divulge the details of the treaty until it has been laid before the President and received his approval; still, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of communicating one of its provisions to you. All Americans in Japan are to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, and they have the right to build churches. The practice of trampling on the crucifix is abolished. When you remember that two hundred and twenty-five years ago Christianity was extinguished in Japan, in the blood of a quarter of a million of Japanese converts, and when you call to mind the blasphemous proclamation of the then Emperor of Japan, in which he said, "If the God of the Christians himself comes to Japan, I will put him to death!" you will be ready to admit that this result is as gratifying as it is surprising. I am proud and happy that this has been achieved by our country. It will be a good answer to the sneer of Burke, which has often been applied to our countrymen, "Your God is gold; your Bible is a ledger." The pleasure I feel in having made the treaty is enhanced by the reflection that there has been no show of coercion, nor was menace in the least used by me to obtain it. There was no American man-of-war within one thousand miles of me for months before

and after the negotiations. I told the Japanese at the outset that my mission was a friendly one; that I was not authorized to use any threats; that all I wished was that they would listen to the truths that I would lay before them.

It was not until my second visit to Yeddo that I made any excursions in or around the city. I visited many temples, gardens, etc. The temples have nothing that arrests the attention in their structure or in their interiors, being in this respect less costly and ornamental than the Chinese temples. They are, however, kept much cleaner than the latter. They are usually placed in fine, open grounds, and surrounded by noble trees. The grounds are neatly kept, and are adorned with flowering shrubs and trees, among which the plum and cherry tree are to be remarked; they produce enormous blossoms, but, alas! like many showy men, they produce no fruit; rhododendrons of great beauty, and of the following colors; viz., pink, scarlet, crimson, blue, yellow, violet, and white. The dwarfing of trees and distorting them into queer shapes is much practised; and they cut the foliage into rounded forms like dishes. I saw a number of cedars whose trunks and branches might be taken as representing the bronze of a vast *épergne*, while the foliage looked like emerald dishes.

The houses of the Japanese are of wood, and never more than two stories high; they are covered with thatch or tiles; the front and ends are closed by wooden window-sashes, covered with paper, which gives a pleasant light in the interior, and wooden shutters enclose the windows at night. The interior is divided into rooms by means of sliding partitions, made of wooden frames, covered with paper. These partitions can be removed in a few moments and the whole house thrown into one room. The floors are covered with straw mats some two inches thick; they are soft and fine, and are kept exquisitely clean. Neither chair, table, couch, nor bedstead, nor any ornamental article, is to be seen. The mat serves as a chair and table by day, and as a bed at night. This description of a house will apply to all, from the palace of the Emperor to the cottage of the peasant. In Winter they are warmed by charcoal brasiers. There is not a chimney nor a pane of window glass to be found in the whole empire.

The gilded columns supporting the fretted ceilings, and golden roofs of stately palaces described by the old writers on Japan, are not to be found, and I am assured by the Japanese that they never had any existence out of the "Traveller's Tales," which relate such marvels about Japan.

The Japanese are eminently genial in their dispositions, and there is a cordiality in their

refined politeness that convinces one of their sincerity. They are frugal in every thing, and utilitarian up to the standard of good and wise old Jeremy Bentham. Food is abundant and cheap. The beggars of Japan are mostly a religious class, and all are as fat as seals. Not one Japanese in fifty ever tastes of any animal food except fish. Sugar is the only luxury, and yet I buy it here in Simoda cheaper than you can in New York. They are the best fed, clad, and lodged, and the least overworked, of any people on earth. God grant that future generations may not have cause to regret the hour I arrived in Japan! The usual dress of the Japanese of rank is of silk but on the occasion of my audience the nobles wore dresses made of a coarse yellow grass cloth. This, as they say, is to remind them of the poverty and frugality of their ancestors. I have never seen a diamond, pearl, or ornament of gold or silver, worn by any person in Japan.

As you take an interest in the "fair sex," you will expect some description of the beauties of Japan. The women of condition never make visits (except the mother to a married daughter), have no assemblages of their "dear five hundred friends;" nor do they assemble at the tea-table, to hold high courts of censure on the manners and morals of their friends. They go out once or twice in a year to visit some celebrated temple, but their ordinary devotions are paid at a shrine within their houses, or at a pretty *Mia* erected within the inclosures of their grounds. The females of the laboring classes perform some portion of out-door labor; but they are not overworked as in China and other parts of Asia. Polygamy obtains—i. e., a man may have any number of "second wives." When a female is selected as a first wife, she prepares for her "change of condition" by smearing her teeth with a horrid mixture which not only blackens them forever, but also destroys a portion of the gums, and the lips sometimes remain permanently swollen. She next shaves her eyebrows and exterminates her eyelashes and changes the fashion of her hair. She has now only to bring the knot of her girdle round to the front, and all the world knows that she is a first wife, the commander-in-chief of all the "second wives," and the undisputed proprietress of all the children born in the house. This last privilege reminds one of a similar right exercised by the wives of the respectable Abraham (Rachel and Leah). The second wives do not perform any of these absurd actions, consequently they are by far the best looking in the eyes of the To-jin or foreigners. A lady in full dress—i. e., made up for mischief—is worth describing. Her face is thickly covered with rice flour, on which rouge—real rouge—is prettily placed, while her lips are brought to that just violet tinge

that drives the Japanese lover even to making poetry; her robes are numerous and clumsy, and her girdle is so vast in its amplitude, that it would make a robe for any ordinary woman; her head is bristling with metal ornaments that look like the grandfathers of all the tuning-forks; her really pretty feet are protected by neat straw sandals; when she walks she minces her steps as though her legs were tied together at the knees.

Did I ever tell you of the description a young Malay Tumangong, of Sumatra, once gave me of a young girl with whom he was in love? No. Then you shall have it now:—"Tuan," said he, "Tuan, she is high-bosomed and moon-faced; she has a mole on her cheek like a spot of ambergris; her lips are like the new-cut shell of the mangosteen; her teeth are whiter than the chambaka flower; her breath makes the clove-tree die with envy; her hair is blacker than the night of separation to the distracted lover; her form is like a branch of willow, and as she walks her hips move from side to side!"

Yeddo covers more ground than London, and its population is about two millions. The Japanese say that no census is ever taken in Japan; that returns are made of the numbers of certain classes; but as the nobles, peasants, mechanics and women and children are omitted from these returns, they do not serve as a basis for estimates of population. The Japanese gave me a map of the city, but as it is constructed without reference to a scale, it is of little value; even the compass-bearings of different points in the city are incorrect. The streets generally are of good width and are well sewered, but they are all unpaved. No carriages are seen; a few hand-carts are used to transport heavy articles; canals intersect the city in various directions.

The chief feature of Yeddo is the "Castle," as it is called. This consists of four irregular circles, or rather polygons, all surrounded with moats or ditches; the three inner circles have stone walls, or a bank of earth faced with stone, and varying in height from twelve to thirty feet, according to the nature of the

ground on which they are built. The gateways through the walls open into quadrangles of fifty to sixty feet; the gate of egress being placed at right angles with the entrance gate. As a means of defence, the Castle is unworthy of its name, except against assailants armed with bows and arrows. The moats are fordable, and are some eighty to one hundred and fifty feet wide, spanned by neat wooden bridges. The inner polygon is occupied exclusively by the Emperor and his sons and families; the second, by the Council of State and Princes; the third and fourth polygons by the Dimios, titular princes, and high officers of the Government. I will close this unreasonably long letter by showing you how cheaply a man may procure a reputation as a savant in this country. Talking one day with the Prince of Tamba about dogs, I stated that I had always observed that where a dog had any white about his body the terminal hairs in his tail would also be white. The Prince opened his eyes at this, and, when he went home, ordered an examination of the dogs in his premises which were found to be marked as I stated. Interested in this, he ordered his servants to scour the neighboring streets and temple grounds, and bring up all their pariah inhabitants. These also stood the test. Amazed at this, he repeated my statement and his experience at the Castle, where some four hundred to five hundred of the high nobles assemble daily. Universal interest was excited, and there ensued such a dog hunt as Yeddo never saw before. Dogs of every kind were scrutinized, from the high-priced pug, called in their vernacular *jin*, down to the mangy vagabond that skulked about and shirked his living. Still my tale about dogs' tails stood the test. At last letters were written to Kioto-osaca and other large towns ordering a general canine examination. When the reports arrived, my glory and reputation reached the culminating point, and I was looked upon by the Japanese as you Westerners look on Buffon, Cuvier, and Co.

Ever yours, sincerely,

TOWNSEND HARRIS.

THE *Times* states in a sort of semi-official way that "Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. Tom Taylor, and Mr. Theodore Martin," have consented to adjudicate on the competing poems in honor of Burns, for the prize offered by the Crystal Palace Company. "The number of works received up to the 1st instant—the period named in the conditions amounting to no less than

600." God help Messrs. Monckton Milnes and Company! The prize poem or essay, even when in type, is often a very trying affair; but six hundred in manuscript, and the feelings of grateful satisfaction among the five hundred and ninety-nine after judgment! It is a case of literary martyrdom.—*Spectator*.

From The Saturday Review, 8 Jan.

FRANCE, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

WE last week expressed our conviction, based upon information on which we relied, that the prevailing impression respecting the designs of France against Austria was but too well founded, and that the danger of a great war was impending over European civilization. Our forebodings had scarcely appeared in print when they received a signal confirmation in the words addressed by the French Emperor to the Austrian Ambassador, which, as might have been expected, at once sent the commercial barometer down to "stormy." Those words are not susceptible of being interpreted otherwise than as a denunciation of coming hostilities. Yet we are not sorry to see attempts, on the part of the French official and semi-official journals, to put on them a more pacific interpretation. We do not give Louis Napoleon credit for that supernatural self-command, far-sightedness, and power of dissimulation which it is the fashion to attribute to him. The history of his Government for the last twelve months shows, on the contrary, that he is capable, like other men, of giving way to his emotions, and of plunging into courses of action of which he does not see the issue, and from which he may be compelled to retreat. It is not clear to us, therefore, that this expression of his feelings against Austria is the revelation of a long-nursed and deeply laid project, irrevocable as the voice of doom. Better counsel may prevail, as it did in regard to the demand on England for a change in her penal laws, the Espinasse reign of terror, and the Montalembert prosecution. Yet it keenly points the moral of despotism when we see Europe thus compelled to spell out her fate from the ambiguous utterances of a single man—a man whom his greatest admirers would scarcely maintain to be, morally and intellectually, the natural arbiter of the destinies of civilization. Clothe with absolute power one of those essentially inferior characters in which the lust of absolute power is most predominant—give him an enormous army of mercenaries to dispose of at his pleasure, and you must expect the results of unlimited physical force not controlled by moral considerations. All the sycophants in Europe have long been crying up the decisive energy of Louis Napoleon's strong animal nature, in contrast with the hesitations of superior minds. They may now be destined to see that the hesitations of superior minds, if less striking to feminine imaginations, sometimes cost less confusion and less blood.

If the threatened rupture should actually occur, it will undoubtedly place England and English statesmen in a most embarrassing position. The real cause moving the French

Government is the pressure of their own domestic difficulties. They have a vast army demanding active employment, filled (thanks, partly, to the spirited exertions of a portion of our own press during the Crimean war) with exaggerated notions of its own superiority, and wound up to the expectation of Napoleonic conquests. They have a people still writhing under a recent yoke, and made dangerous by bungling attempts at coercion, whose minds they desire, after the example of the Napoleon, to divert from home degradation and misgovernment to foreign war. Italy offers a field in which the military fever of the French soldiery may be immediately let blood—in which success, if achieved, will be of a decisive and dazzling kind—and in which the heir of Napoleon may flatter himself that he will carry with him the sympathy of the French Liberals, and even of the Liberal party throughout Europe. This, we say, is the real cause; and it is obviously one which cannot be admitted as a justification without overturning all the principles of international justice. If any nation which finds itself politically diseased is it to be allowed to carry off its dangerous humors by making an unprovoked crusade upon the weakest or the most unpopular of its neighbors, there is an end of all those mutual restraints by which the great European confederation is raised above a group of piratical communities in a state of suspended war. The "Pax Europæ," which it has cost so much effort to impose on national cupidity and passion, is at once given to the winds.

But the *pretext* apparently alleged by the French Government is of a more plausible, and therefore of a more embarrassing kind. It is founded on the simultaneous occupation of different portions of Italy, and the concurrent suppression of Italian liberal movements, by French and Austrian troops, and on the desire of France to escape from the position—which has now become insupportably odious—of employing the army of Arcole and Marengo to maintain temporal and spiritual tyranny at Rome. France speciously requires that the pressure of both the coercing Powers should be simultaneously withdrawn, so that Austrian troops should not be suffered to march into Rome as the French troops march out; and on the refusal by Austria of a compact to this effect, she threatens to seize the opportunity of war. It is not to be denied that Austria, placed in this desperate dilemma between the danger of war with France and that of letting loose the pent-up whirlwind of Roman and ultimately of Italian Liberalism, reaps the just retribution of her own iniquitous proceedings in Italy, and especially of the flagitious seizure of Bologna and Ferrara. But, on the other hand, France, having wrong-

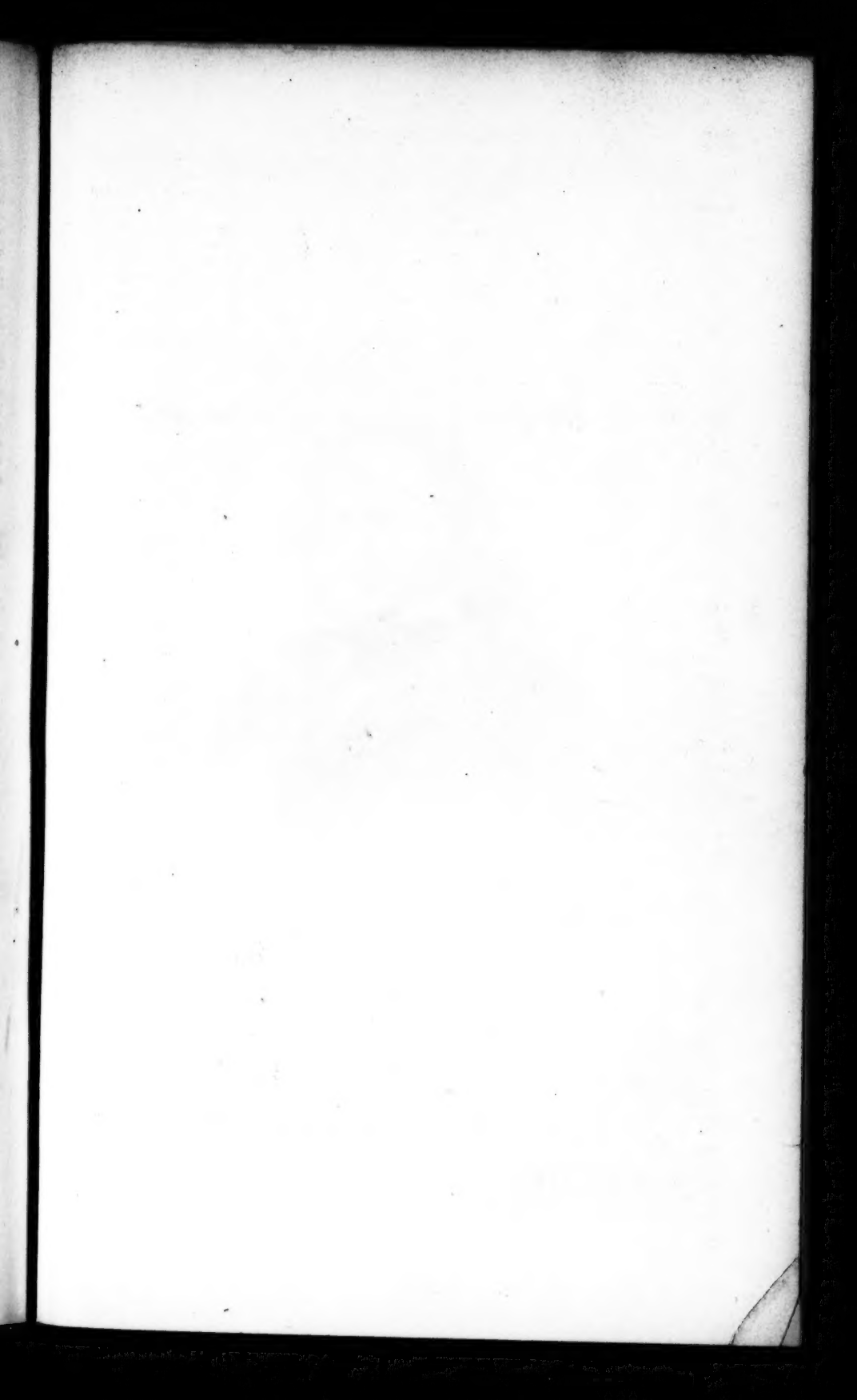
fully occupied Rome is not to take advantage of her own wrong, and involve Europe in war as a mode of escaping from the embarrassments of a position of her own choice. She has thought fit, on pretence of her interest in the Pope as the head of the Catholic Church in general, and especially of that most pious branch of it which holds the creed of Voltaire, to come between the Pope and his insurgent subjects, and to take his Government into her armed keeping. This being the case, she is bound herself to reform the Papal administration; and, the Pope being a consenting party to her intervention, and owing to it his political existence, she has a perfect right to do so. If Austria interferes to prevent France from reforming Rome, Austria is the aggressor; but there is nothing at present before the world to show that such is the case. It is ridiculous to say that France is entitled to treat the persistence of Austria in holding Lombardy as a *casus belli*. The tenure of Lombardy by a German Power may be most unnatural and tyrannical; and when the military burdens which it imposes, directly and indirectly, on the holders are set off against the revenues of the province, it is probably, like other iniquities, a loss rather than a gain to its perpetrators in the long run. But however lamentable it may be, and however just a subject for expostulation on the part of other Powers, it is perfectly established, and has been thoroughly recognized by French Governments, the rights, and of course the obligations of which, the present Emperor professes to inherit. Indeed, the occupation by Austria of Italian territory—whether more or less makes no difference in principle—was sanctioned not only by the Treaty of Vienna, but by that of Campo Formio. Who gave Austria Venice?

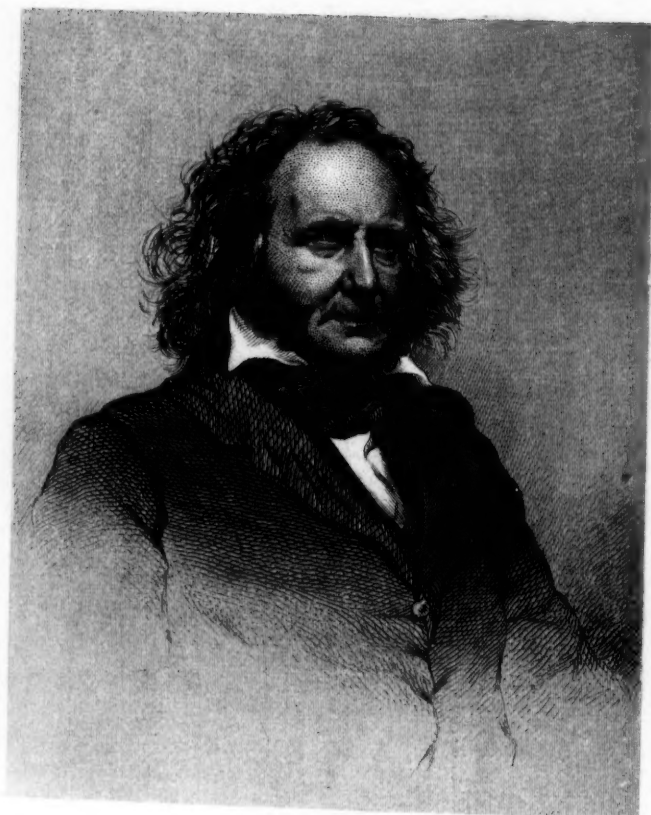
An attempt to settle the difference, and avert war, by any thing in the nature of an European Congress, would no doubt be made under great disadvantages; for two of the five—or, if we rank Sardinia as a great Power,

three of the six—ordinary members of the Congress are parties to the quarrel, and Russia is probably pledged underhand to France—a connection which, it must be remarked, deeply taints the French cause, and opens an alarming vista of ulterior and more sinister intentions. Still, every effort that England can make to prevent the outbreak of hostilities ought to be made, and that in the interest of Italy herself. At best, Italy would become the theatre of war, whose cruel exigencies and infuriated passions spare neither friend nor foe, and would owe her liberation from Austria to a Power neither less grasping than Austria nor less oppressive to those who fall under its yoke. We trust that better things are in store for a great race which has so long suffered under alien domination, than a renewal of the sham liberties of the Cisalpine Republic, or the exactions and conscriptions of the Kingdom of Italy. But Italian patriots and their headlong friends in this country should remember that the contest may have another issue. The accidental disasters of the Austrian troops in 1796 afford no criterion of their general efficiency, or of their probable fortunes on this occasion. The experience of history would lead to the conclusion that, on the whole, German are decidedly superior to French soldiers. The Austrian army is at this moment admirably prepared for war. The recent improvements in fire-arms seem favorable to the defence of positions, and the Austrians will of course be found in positions of their own selection. The tide of war may be rolled back upon Turin; and Sardinia, instead of the Italian supremacy of which (in despite of all the facts of Italian history) she dreams, may find her own rising and prosperous liberties overwhelmed with utter ruin. This war is the game of French ambition; and neither the history of the past, nor the aspect of things at present, encourages us to believe that any good object will be promoted by suffering that game to be played again.

THE JEWISH BANKERS IN EUROPE.—The well known Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Mr. Walsh, in his last letter, says: "Last Saturday I fell into conversation with a very intelligent gentleman of the commercial and banking sphere, who mentioned to me his knowledge, derived from the latest annual report of the general supervisor of the books of the several firms of de Rothschild, of the aggregate amount of their capital or the sum at their instantaneous command—a milliard of francs—two hundred millions of dollars; he be-

lieved it to be, moreover, an unexaggerated estimate that the similar capital of the two *Pereires* is at least a hundred millions of francs; of the Hottinguers, seventy-five millions of francs; of Mires and the Foulds, still higher; the Duke of Galiera, at the head of the Credit Mobilier, is held to be prodigiously opulent. The *Pereires* have created for themselves a new fortune by the purchase of very extensive grounds within and without the walls of the capital, which they turn into streets and boulevards with the certainty of the earliest and amplest proceeds.





John Wilson

THE LIVING AGE

No. 771—5 March 1855—Third Series, No. 12

CONTENTS

Plate—Portrait of Thomas Wentworth

1. Thomas Wentworth, of Mass., 1793-1855.
2. A New Method.
3. The Character of the Living Age.
4. The Living Age.
5. The Living Age.
6. The Living Age.
7. The Living Age.
8. The Living Age.
9. The Living Age.
10. The Living Age.
11. The Living Age.
12. The Living Age.

THE LIVING AGE. No. 771—5 March 1855—Third Series, No. 12. Published by the Living Age Association, New York.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY SATURDAY

Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 1, 1855, at New York, N.Y., under No. 771, Post Office No. 12, Third Series, No. 12.

THE LIVING AGE. No. 771—5 March 1855—Third Series, No. 12. Published by the Living Age Association, New York.